"Sid, Sid," he called in a smothered voice, "are you here?"

Out of the silence, heavier than lead upon his heart, came no response.

"Sid, Sid, Sid," he repeated with all the strength the smothering atmosphere permitted, "are you here?"

Unanswered, he groped to his feet and slashed the enveloping snow away from him. The cavity he made enabled him to breathe with less constriction. Again he called with all the power of his lungs: "Sid, Sid, where are you?"

As from immeasurable depths came back in a pained quaver: "Seth—Seth—come—quick."

"Yes, yes, I'm coming," he yelled, as he plowed savagely toward that sinking call for help.

But half a dozen steps brought him abruptly against an obstruction that barred farther advance. Thrusting out his hand, he found before him a crinkled wall of ice. It reached to his right and to his left and towered beyond the reach of his arms. He turned in bewilderment.

"Call again, Sid" he shouted. "Where are you?"

"Here," came back a pained, smothered wail; "come—quick."

He was less certain now from whence the cry came than he had been when he first heard his brother's voice. But to his right he imagined he beheld an unsteady deep gray rift in the Stygian darkness.

"Light!" he muttered, and he dashed madly toward it. He thrust the snow aside with lashing arms. The deep gray dissolved into lighter shades, out of which seemed to issue a broken moan.

Impatient at his progress, he drew back, and summoning all his strength, plunged headlong like a fullback trying to pierce an opposing football line.

The impetus carried him down ten feet and he landed upon hands and knees in a narrow pit faintly illumined by a meager slit in the ice wall ten feet above him.

His sight was a blur until his eyes became accustomed to the light of this contracted prison. It was less than ten feet square, but reached higher than his arms could extend. He quickly understood how it had been formed. The winds, sweeping through the meager slit overhead, had driven back the snow and left clear the cavity in which he stood. He knew it must have been the wind, for it still whistled mournfully in, frigidly biting his cheeks.

The faint recurrence of the moan recalled him to his brother's peril. He eagerly scanned the blue-black ice beneath him. Toward the spot where it appeared blacker than elsewhere he thrust a hand. His heart trip-hammered as he felt an arm.

"Brother—Sid," he cried, "is it you?"

A faint moan, almost smothered by a blast of wind that swept through the hole overhead, was the only response.

[illegible] on his knees, Seth threw off his gloves and ran his fingers up the arm to the shoulder and then across the clammy face. Its corpse-like chill alarmed him. He seemed to shrivel under the apprehension, that, in this frigid cavern, apparently cut off from aid, he was alone with his dying or dead brother.

Unsteadily he shoved his hand within Sidney's coat in search of a heart-beat. He smiled grimly as he felt it, regular but subdued. In an effort to restore consciousness, he grasped Sid by the shoulder and shook him gently.

Again came that quavering moan, followed by a shivering, shrinking movement of the shoulder he had clutched.

"Sid, Sid," Seth called, bending low over the other's face, "wake up and tell me what's the matter, can't you?"

Fingering his way over the prostrate form, he found out for himself. Sid's left arm was partly doubled beneath him. Tenderly he lifted him and drew forth the member. The moan broadened into a screech of pain as Sidney slowly opened his eyes and cried brokenly: "Oh, my arm, my arm!"

Seth sought to calm him as he spread a hand over his brother's forearm and with his thumb pressed deeply into the flesh. Sid writhed and gasped as the examination went on.

"We're buried down here, aren't we?" he moaned. "Buried alive down here, aren't we?"

"Oh, not anything like that," responded Seth briskly. At the same time his grip closed over a spot where he could feel the two ends of a fractured bone grate together.

Sid moaned anew. "Broken isn't it?" he gasped.

"Feels like it," said Seth lightly, "but you never can tell. I'll bind it up, anyway."

With his hunting knife he slit the sleeve to the flesh. In the half-light he could discern the protrusion in the muscular forearm that indicated the break in the bone.

"I know it's broken," cried Sid. "What luck! You might be able to crawl out of here, but what's to become of me with a broken arm?"

"Hush up that kind of drivel!" spluttered Seth. "You don't suppose I'm going to leave you here alone, do you?"

Sidney winced under the touch of his brother, who, stripping off his coats, tore out the sleeves of his own shirt and folded them into bandages. Then he firmly grasped the parts about the fractured arm.

"Now, Sid, grip yourself," he cautioned, "I'm going to hurt." And while the other gritted his teeth under the pain and gave way to low moans, Seth tenderly, yet vigorously, wrenched the broken bone into place. "Sorry I haven't got some splints, but these bandages will have to do until we get something better," and he proceeded to wind the strips firmly about the break.

Sidney, whose face was seamed with pain and fear, was lifted to a cushion made of his brother's coats.

"Seth, do you suppose we'll ever get out of here alive?" he mumbled.

The rotund one forced a laugh. "Of course, silly; they'll hunt us out."

"But suppose they can't find us?"

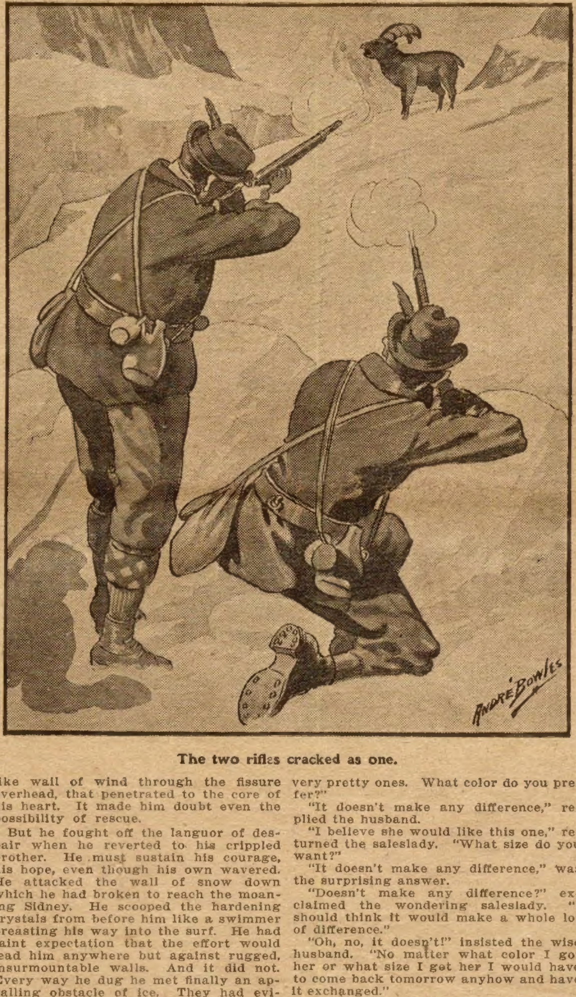
"Oh, they'll never give up till they do. Father'll toothcomb the place with rescuers."

"How far d'you suppose we fell?"

"Oh, fifty feet or so," estimated Seth, lightly.

"Fifty feet? More like five hundred. If it hadn't been for the snow under us, we'd have been killed a dozen times in the tumble."

"I guess you're right there." Seth was studying the walls of their narrow cavern. The icy sides and floor, the gray-black roof of ribbed and pointed rock looked unconquerable. Yet he was not disturbed by this impregnable prospect. It was the deep, sepulchral-like, chill silence, broken occasionally by a requiem-like wall of wind through the fissure overhead, that penetrated to the core of his heart. It made him doubt even the possibility of rescue.



The two rifles cracked as one.

But he fought off the languor of despair when he reverted to his crippled brother. He must sustain his courage, his hope, even though his own wavered. He attacked the wall of snow down which he had broken to reach the moaning Sidney. He scooped the hardening crystals from before him like a swimmer breasting his way into the surf. He had faint expectation that the effort would lead him anywhere but against rugged, insurmountable walls. And it did not. Every way he dug he met finally an appalling obstacle of ice. They had evidently had the misfortune to tumble into a pocket even deeper than the crevasse which led to it.

This capital story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

### Superfluous.

He—Do you approve of dancing?

She—No.

"Why not?"

"Why, it's mere hugging set to music."

"Well, what is there about it that you don't like?"

"The music."

## STAR OF THE EAST.

EUGENE FIELD.

Star of the East, that long ago
  Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro,
  The Child of Bethlehem lay—
Above that Syrian hill afar.
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear
  But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
  Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East, show us the way
  In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
  Our gifts before the Child—
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

* * *

## Wisdom of a Husband.

A man who lived in a suburban town was asked by his wife to help with the Christmas shopping by buying her a shirtwaist while he was in the city.

Later a saleslady said to him as she displayed a number: "Here are some very pretty ones. What color do you prefer?"

"It doesn't make any difference," replied the husband.

"I believe she would like this one," returned the saleslady. "What size do you want?"

"It doesn't make any difference," was the surprising answer.

"Doesn't make any difference?" exclaimed the wondering saleslady. "I should think it would make a whole lot of difference."

"Oh, no, it doesn't!" insisted the wise husband. "No matter what color I got her or what size I got her I would have to come back tomorrow anyhow and have it exchanged."

* * *

## A Moral Lesson.

There once was a rich old uncle who had two poor nephews.

And when Christmas came the two poor nephews were anxious to show the rich old uncle how much they thought of him.

Now the first poor nephew reasoned that he should impress his rich old uncle with the great affection he bore him by some tangible means. So he drew out his savings and purchased for his rich old uncle a magnificent gold watch, and had it neatly engraved. To it he attached a gorgeous chain, put the whole affair in a lavishly decorated box and sent it to his rich uncle with his best wishes.

The second poor nephew figured that any extreme financial outlay would convince his rich old uncle that he was trying to jolly him a bit too much, so he invested a nickel in a neat, but tasty Christmas card, which he mailed to the rich old uncle.

So the rich old uncle received the two remembrances, and said of the first nephew:

"Humph! A man who will spend all he has for a gold watch to give to a man who already has all the watches he ever will need hasn't got enough judgment to be trusted with money. I will leave him my blessing and a few words of good advice."

When he looked at the card he nodded his head approvingly and said:

"There's a man after my own heart. He knew that I would not care for an expensive gift, and he knew that I would value his good wishes, so he very wisely sent them to me in this inexpensive manner. He shows a marked economical trait, and I am sure he will get along in the world without any aid from me."

So he made a new will and left all his money to found an institution for the study of prehistoric manifestations of microbic diseases in fossilized animalcule.

* * *

## Cloth of Human Hair.

"The market in human hair is a subject that has recently been engaging the attention of textile journals in Great Britain," writes Consul Ongram from Bradford, England.

"The supply of this article is undoubtedly much larger than is generally supposed; indeed, one textile manufacturer in Bradford stated that he could purchase forty tons of it whenever he wished. It therefore becomes of interest to ascertain the uses to which this article is now being put.

"Wigmakers and ladies' hairdressers are apparently the principal users, especially at the present time, when the prevailing fashion is for ladies to wear extensive coiffures. The bulk of the human hair used for this purpose probably comes from the Continent, Bohemia being an especially productive district, but large quantities are also received from China. The Chinese hair is usually intensely black, and as its color detracts from the value it is bleached with hydrogen peroxide. The hair is then sorted according to its length and grade and dyed and finished in whatever shade desired.

"A British textile journal recently stated that as human hair was not of so rank and stout a growth as to lend itself for use like horsehair in haircloth weaving, it is possible that makers of interlining fabrics and of oil press cloths, or perhaps of carpets, might find employment for the substance, but that there are no fabrics professedly made of it solely, its use being confined to a blend with other materials.

"It is therefore of interest to note a manufacturer in Bradford—possibly the only one as yet in this country—is now weaving a cloth made entirely (warp and weft) of human hair. The hair, which is usually of a staple or length of from ten to twelve inches, after being thoroughly disinfected, is spun into a yarn of the required thickness and is then woven into a fabric either twenty or thirty inches in width and in lengths up to ninety yards. No dyeing is performed, the fabric being of the natural color of the blended hair. The fabric is intended for interlinings for men's wear and possesses the advantage of being absolutely unbreakable, unshrinkable and uncreasable."

* * *

## Willing to Negotiate.

"Do you go to Sunday-school, my little man?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's nice. Do you like going to Sunday-school?"

"Purty well."

"Where do you go to Sunday-school?"

"At the Baptist Church."

"Oh! Are your parents Baptists?"

"I dunno."

"Well, don't they go to the Baptist Church?"

"Nope."

"How does it happen then that you go to Sunday-school there?"

"Say, mister, are you tryin' to work up business for any other Sunday-school? If you are, you better git busy wit' me quick. I'm goin' to the Baptist because they've promised to have the best Christmas blowout in town. If you've got a better offer to make, make it quick and I'll sign up with youse."

* * *

## Tot Wit.

"Willie," said little Mabel to her small brother, "what shall we give mamma for Christmas?"

"A pair of padded slippers," was the prompt reply.

—

Small Susie—What did mamma say when you asked if Santa Claus would bring you a pair of skates?

Little Fred—She said "maybe."

Small Susie—What does "maybe" mean?

Little Fred—It means a small yes and a great big no—that's what it means.

* * *

### Hopes Blasted.

"I cannot sing the old songs!"
  We gave a thankful sigh.
When she went on, "Since you insist,
  Of course I'll have to try."

# MR. AND MRS. MOON

## *A CANINE CATASTROPHE*

### By W. BERT FOSTER

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NOBODY who knew Mrs. Moon would accuse her of being unsympathetic. She might be able to retain only a single idea in her head at a time, but that was usually a kind one. Indeed, if her cardiac organ compared at all with her avoirdupois, she could safely be called "big-hearted," for Mrs. Moon tipped the scales around two hundred and fifty and possessed the bodily grace of a well-filled meal-sack.

Therefore, when it is said that Mr. Timothy Moon was on his way home from work one evening "to the bosom of his family," the expression, in its literal sense, meant something!

Timothy had had a hard trip on the Blue Blazes, the lighterage barge whereon he worked, and he had not been home for three nights previous. Being leg-weary and sleepy, he had dropped into Riley's for a couple of drinks, and was now in that irritable state when a little thing frets a man.

The little thing in this case was a dog that ran diagonally across the street, having rounded the nearest corner in the lead of a shouting, excited mob of men and boys. The brute, snapping at everything in its path, including a wagon-wheel which it stopped to worry for a moment, finally charged with foam-flecked jaws straight at the bandy-legged Timothy.

The little man leaped up, uttering an astonished whoop, and the dog ran between his legs. The next moment a policeman's revolver settled the cur and left it struggling in the gutter; but Timothy's calm was shaken. He continued his homeward way in a humor similar to that of the rabies-inflicted canine itself.

Therefore, the eager clatter of Mrs. Moon's tongue, when he entered the second-story flat over the doctor's office, was met rather grumpily by Timothy.

"Come, old lady! ain't there nothin' to eat in the house, or have you been and bought silk stockin's with the housekeeping money—so's to have something to show on a rainy day?" he observed. "W'ich wouldn't surprise me none."

"And I've got such a surprise for you, Timmie," cried his spouse, too excited at the moment to retort in kind.

"Huh!" was Timothy's sole comment, as he lumbered into the parlor, after kicking off his brogans.

The next moment his voice was raised in further expostulation.

"For the love of heaven, Mahala, why don't you keep that false sky-piece in yer bureau-drawer w'en it ain't on yer bloomin' head?" he cried.

He reached for the gray bunch lying on the sofa where he had been about to cast himself, when a yap, yap of astonishing shrillness and a gleam of white teeth and snapping brown eyes caused Mr. Moon to leap backward, overturning a chair in his haste.

Down upon the floor tumbled the animated gray bunch, and a tiny beast of a dog was revealed, barking its very soul out at Mr. Moon's stockinged feet!

Mrs. Moon bounced in, frying-pan in hand.

"Ain't he sweet?" she gurgled. "Pretty little Tootsie! Did the big mans scare um? Its mammy won't let Sweetums be hurt—no she won't."

She gathered up the excited dog and snuggled it against her ample neck. It looked like an electrified ball of ragged worsted.

"Wha—what is that, Mahala?" demanded Mr. Moon, backing away from his wife's vicinity with bulging eyes.

"That's the surprise, Timmie," declared the lady. "It's Tootsie; and you don't know what company he's been for me a'ready."

Timothy approached gingerly, peering at the fice.

"Are you sure that's a dog, Mahala?" he grunted in disgust. "Ain't it one o' them winder-washers they hitch to long handles and swab down store-fronts with? Where under the sun, moon and stars did ye git th' thing? Buy it? I warrant ye."

"No, indeed, Timmie," she returned, with immense satisfaction, sitting down in the rocker, while the dog leaped from her arms, and growling at Timothy, re-established itself on the sofa.

Mr. Moon took the edge of a chair gingerly and glared at the atom.

"I got it in just the most wonderful way," pursued Mrs. Moon, vigorously fanning her overheated face with the frying-pan. "I was over to McKean's for some groceries, and some boys was teasin' the heart and soul out o' the poor leetle creeter. He was all wet and groggy, Timothy, and I jest picked him up and rolled him in my apron, and brought him home. He's just a love, ain't he now?"

Mr. Moon snorted. "Who does he belong to?" he demanded.

"Why, to me, Timmie—don't you, Sweetums?" and Mrs. Moon made a playful dive at the little beast, falling on her knees before the couch with a shock which rocked the house.

The dog stopped growling at Timothy long enough to lick his adorer's cheek with a tiny pink tongue.

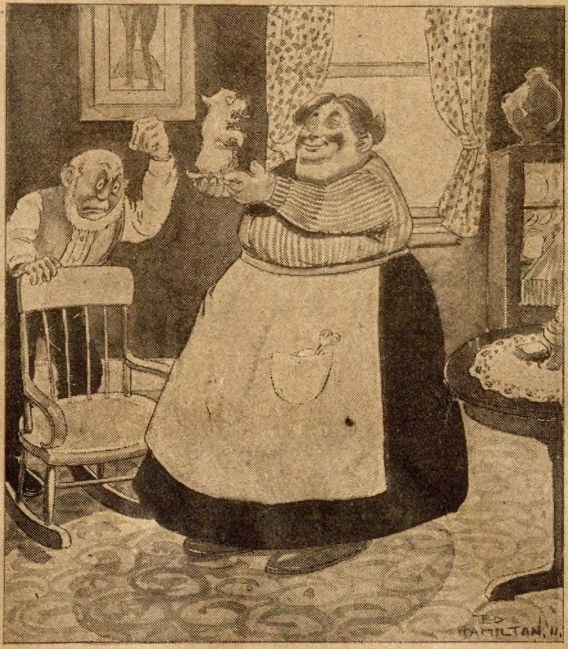
"Ugh!" ejaculated the husband, after silently contemplating this show of affection for some time, as well as the cool manner in which Mrs. Moon had assumed ownership of the dog. "Look out, or he'll bite a chuk o' meat out o' you, old woman!"

Mrs. Moon, reckless of this peril, gurgled baby-talk to "Sweetums," while Timothy's gorge rose.

"Woman!" he cried, "do you intend to keep that condemned brute? All dogs is dangerous at this time o' year. One come near chewin' th' leg off o' me as I just come along home. Cop had to shoot it. First you know, we'll all be gettin' the hydrophoby."

But Mrs. Moon's heart was fixed on the pup.

She was lonely while Timothy was away at work, and Tootsie was such a comfort. Mr. Moon was a wise man in that he never put his foot down in his family without being convinced at the start of carrying his point. He saw plainly that the fuzzy gray mop of a dog was to be a fixture in the flat.


ED HAMILTON, 11.

"Its mammy won't let Sweetums be hurt."

The fact that it was a fixture did not soften Timothy's heart toward it. The old lighterman had no more use for a lap-dog than he had for a finger-bowl. Nor did Tootsie develop any love for the master of the house.

When Timothy came in the fice was usually ensconced upon the sofa, or in Tim's particular easy chair, and if the man wanted either he had first to dislodge the dog with the broom. At once Tootsie would dance around and around his enemy with a riot of barking fit to split one's head, and it would end in Timothy's throwing anything he could lay his hands on at the dog, and Mrs. Moon bouncing in to protect her pet. With his valor shaken, Tootsie would run beneath the lady's ample skirts and from such refuge breathe defiance at the whole world and at Timothy in particular.

The warfare grew so bitter at last, that, when Mr. Moon entered his home, the dog dived for its fortress and snarled and snapped from between its mistress' feet as though worrying a rat. Mrs. Moon never rose from her chair without flirting her skirts out and "shooing" Tootsie away before she took a step.

Meanwhile Timothy prophesied rabies and lockjaw and an agonizing death for both of them because of the little beast. With paper in hand in the evening he would read aloud all the mad-dog casualities he could find. He seriously contemplated getting the young doctor below to fix him up a "ball' for the dog which would put it completely beyond the power of ever biting—or even barking—again.

Mrs. Moon was not properly impressed by her husband's diatribes upon the fruitful subject of hydrophobia. In fact, she scoffed at them and hugged Tootsie to her motherly bosom with outpourings of "lovie" and "sweetums" which sharpened the edge of Timothy's disgust.

Late one evening, after a visit to Riley's, Mr. Moon came home with a somewhat unsteady step. He kicked off his shoes in the kitchen, and in his stocking feet failed to awaken his spouse when he entered their bed-chamber. But he aroused another inmate of the apartment, though, and that quite unexpectedly. He put a heavy foot on Tootsie.

There followed a wild yelp, a snarl and snap, and the dog's needle-sharp teeth fastened upon Timothy's left ankle. That gentleman's yell was almost simultaneous with that of the dog and quite as abandoned.

Mrs. Moon, awakened from her beauty-sleep, had a hazy but pronounced idea that she was in the midst of battle, murder, and sudden death.

She shrieked for help, rising up in bed with an attenuated "pigtail" of gray hair almost standing on end in her fright. Timothy managed to shake the little beast loose, and before it could fasten on his other foot he fetched it a kick that lifted the squalling dog clear into the parlor, where it crept to nurse its hurts behind the sofa, and from which retirement it did not appear until after Timothy's departure for work the next day. Just at the time this happened, however, Mrs. Moon had no attention to give to Tootsie.

Timothy's remarks were somewhat indistinguishable in the sulphurous haze of his wrath, but his intention was pointed enough. If Tootsie had come forth at that critical juncture the S. P. C. A. would have had the carcass of a dog to remove from the gutter in front of Number 37 Kay street, the following morning.

The beast had managed to gouge Timothy's ankle nicely. Under a deluge of abuse, Mrs. Moon, sniveling, found water and arnica, and washed the wound and bound it up. Just once did the simple-minded lady's tongue slip.

"I might have been a bloomin' burglar the way the mutt went at me," grunted Timothy.

"Oh, Timmie! I suppose he did think you was a burglar. Wasn't it brave of him?" ventured Mrs. Moon.

This was adding insult to injury, and fed fuel to the fire of Timothy's wrath. He told Mrs. Moon what he thought of her in terms more terse than elegant.

What kind of a wife did she call herself, anyway, to allow a dangerous beast around the house that was only laying for a chance to tear to tatters the carcass of her husband?

"The matter with you, Mahala," declared the indignant Mr. Moon, "is that you are looking for a chancet to wear them widder's weeds you've got laid away, before they fade! But it's goin' to take more than a condemned fice to kill me. And if I get hydrophoby, by the living jingo, I'll bite you!"

Timothy limped for several days. So did Tootsie, and in addition, the latter scurried away to his hiding-place behind the sofa whenever Mr. Moon entered the flat. Mrs. Moon was suffered to keep her pet; but she suggested, with timidity, that Timothy should show the doctor below the wound made by the pup's teeth and see if there was any danger of rabies developing from the injury.

"Never you mind about me, woman," gloomily rejoined Mr. Moon, who had already been assured by the doctor that the interposition of the thick woolen sock had made inoculation from the dog's teeth impossible, even were the brute smitten with madness. "Never you mind about me. Hydrophoby may not develop for months; but I feel myself a doomed man. You've got your dear Tootsie, so don't bother yer head if you see me foamin' at the mouth and with me jaws locked. You'll be satisfied then, I hope, and—I'm goin' down to Riley's!" and he emphasized his departure with a slam of the door.

As he halted to light his pipe in the lower hall he winked to himself. "Sure, hydrophoby is as good an excuse as any to break away on. Besides, they do say good licker is a preventive of most diseases."

Mrs. Moon's heresies notwithstanding, the fatal day came when Timothy's gloomy prophecies seemed to come to fulfilment. True, he had been crying "Wolf! Wolf!" for a month, and no symptoms of hydrophobia—or of anything more serious than his usual appetite—had developed.

The storm burst on a Saturday evening. Mrs. Moon had "slats and cabbage" for supper, a delicacy usually enjoyed by her husband, and of a nourishing nature warranted "to put heart into a man," as he expressed it, eying the steaming dish meanwhile with wolfish eyes.

"The bit of lunch ye gave me in the can, Mahala, was only an appetizer for a hungry man," he observed.

"If you carried any more with you to the barge, Timothy Moon, it's a day's work you'd be doing before you got there," was the rejoinder.

Timothy was heaping his plate from the platter. As she turned to get something from the cupboard, her husband poised a huge mouthful on his knife, being about to imitate the feat of the sword-swallower in a dime museum.

Suddenly there was a muffled sound from Timothy, and the dishes clattered on the table as though an eruption had burst forth beneath the board. Mrs. Moon turned, startled, and was stricken dumb for the moment by what she saw.

Timothy had dropped knife and fork and was writhing in his chair with his eyes bulging and the cavity of his open mouth looking like that of a frog-fish! That he was in physical agony there was no gainsaying; his jaws seemed to have been locked while wide a-stretch; his wild demeanor was sufficient to terrify a person of much stronger mind than his wife.

"Oh, Timmie! Oh, Timmie! What is it? What's happened ye?" she shrieked, running to him and seizing him by the shoulder.

Timothy turned on her his ferocious glare, gurgling something quite unintelligible, and pointing down his throat with the distracted gesture of a garden toad that has swallowed a live wasp. He could not speak; he plainly could not close his jaws; and as the good lady gazed upon him she saw, to her extreme horror, foam gathering upon his empurpled lips.

There was but one explanation, to her mind, for all this. Her distracted shriek brought Tootsie out of his lair behind the parlor sofa, and the dog's yapping filled the interstices—there were no pauses—between his mistress' yells.

The very worst of Timothy's expectations was fulfilled. Hydrophobia had smitten him—evidently in its most violent phase—and her amazement turned to acute alarm as the man struggled to his feet and staggered toward her.

The door was near, and she bolted out of the flat, her cries arousing the whole house, Tootsie shrieking his terror at her heels, his diminutive tail slotted tightly between his legs.

Both descended the stairway to the street. The neighborhood was excited on the instant, and with that perspicuity so fatal in the mob, the cry was raised: "Mad dog!"

Mrs. Moon, too deeply moved by her husband's plight to realize the peril menacing her pet, clung to the railing of the front stoop and shrieked incoherently for the assistance of the city authorities, from the police down through the fire and sewerage departments, and would have included the bureau of weights and measures and the dock department had she known of their existence.

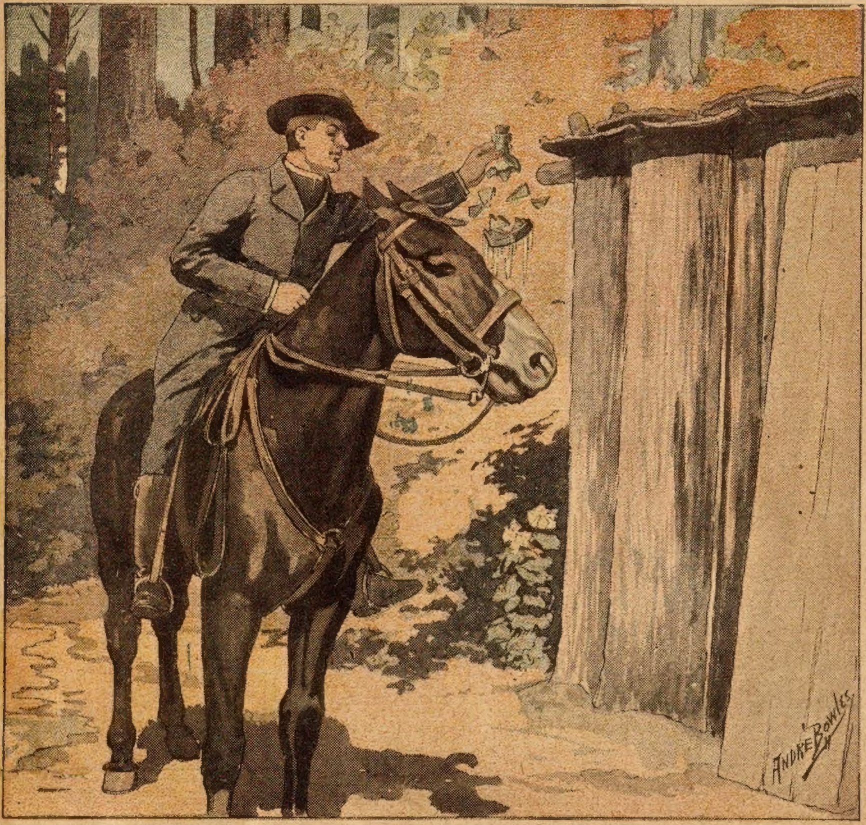
Meanwhile the bulk of the crowd took

(Continued on page seven.)

# The Broken Flask;

## *Or, THE PARSON'S VICTORY*

**By MASON RAY**



**He heard the zip of a bullet.**

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

THE GIRL on the cabin's slab doorstep with apron crushed to her grief-convulsed features brokenly related the dread happening.

"Dan in jail! Dan charged with murder!" Robert Cullen ejaculated, staring down at the form at his feet, swaying like the wind-driven pines that surrounded them.

"Yes, it's true," sobbed Justine. "He and Jake quarreled. It was—about—my—promising Dan——"

"I know," interrupted the big missionary, who was at once the pioneer settlement's earthly guide and spiritual director. "Control yourself, Justine, and try to give me accurately the main points concerning the fight and arrest. Where did this happen? Who were witnesses? What weapons were used?"

The minister's deep, musical bass, familiar to her since her childhood, acted on Justine's overwrought nerves like a cool hand on a fevered brow. She bravely rose to her feet with a last sob and faced her teacher, while nervous fingers twisted the blue apron. Despite her recent tears, the lowered fabric revealed a wild, wonderful beauty—the fresh, clear loveliness of perfect outline, healthy skin, outdoor living. Her abundant, braided hair harmonized in tint with the russet colored leaves dropping from the great beech near the cottage door. Her brunette cheeks were tinged with the dark flame of the autumn oak. Her full, trembling lips showed the brilliant scarlet of the squaw-berry. The tear-washed eyes were large, soft brown and fear-filled, like those of the hunted doe. When she spoke her voice was sweet and clear as the mating call of the robin.

"It was at the Garrish camp," she told him. "They fought like schoolboys without weapons. Dowling, the boss, Watson, Brooks, Jud Owens, Eli Schram—all the road-builders were there. Dowling interfered—had them torn apart. Then he ordered them to stop work for the afternoon. It was quarter time—three o'clock; at six, when the gang quit for the night, they found Jake in the shack, dead."

"What's been done for Dan?" questioned Cullen. His insistent gray eyes hastened her halting speech.

"Nothing," she told him. "We waited for you. We knew you'd ride from Oakland early, since you didn't come last night."

"Dan's father?" suggested Cullen.

Justine threw her hands outward in a gesture of utter helplessness. It was an eloquent, if wordless, summing up of the situation. Ackley senior's addled wits were steeped in Pineville liquor. The name of the debauched parent dragged the son into the dark penumbra of bad repute.

"Dan's life is in your hands," cried the girl. "Save him! If harm comes to him it will drag my soul to torment. I'm the one at fault. Jake Cole thought I once cared for him. Instead I hated the whisky-drinking, conceited fool. He——"

"Hush!" admonished the circuit rider. "Remember he's gone to the highest tribunal. What's left us is to secure justice for Dan. Go back and tell them the funeral must be delayed. I'll interview Dan and the road gang at once. Nothing must be left to chance that will aid the living. At four in the afternoon I'll attend to the dead."

Obediently the girl left him, and presently disappeared from sight in the enfolding forest. Robert Cullen sorrowfully watched the erect, pliant figure, until lost to view, then turned and entered the low-built cottage. His powerful form seemed to warp the limited space. With quick, decisive movements he prepared for a second departure. Despite his huge development and priestly calling, he lifted a revolver from the top drawer of an old-time bureau and dropped it in an inside pocket. His motive was not fear. But the missionary, cast by a wave of piety on that bleak outpost of a lumbering settlement, was about to deal with men who occasionally spoke in words of lead from mouths of steel, so he equipped himself accordingly. For many years he had given his life to the poverty-stricken, nonsectarian people of the wilderness. They learned during his appointed ministry to depend on his judgment and bounty. In turn he became rooted to the spot by ties of love and compassion. A distaste for the nomadic policy of his church discipline, a strong human attachment to his poor home turned the scale in their favor. Therefore the retreating ebb tide of episcopal favor toward the nonpaying apparently unappreciative pioneers, left Robert Cullen in their midst. Within the very bulwark of so-called civilization he found arduous labor and self-denial. During time snatched from preaching, teaching, burials, marriages, and ministrations to the sick, he labored successfully at endless back-country tasks. In this manner his gigantic strength earned him a cottage home, a goodly subsistence, books for his leisure hours, and alms to bestow on both the worthy and undeserving. Each week he hurled explosive anathemas at sin, and persuaded the erring in tones soft as mother-love. Each week his long-limbed bay carried him around an itinerary of thirty miles or more. And from this forest ride he had just returned to hear the terrible murder charge brought against Dan Ackley, a student of his winter school.

After a hasty lunch that served as breakfast, the self-appointed attorney for the defense remounted his rested saddle-horse and set forth at a lope for Pineville, the site of the county jail and courthouse. The dull boom of the Great Lake's near-by surf mingled with the roar of wind in the pines, while, far out, the dark flood heaved and tossed.

Circling the bay, north of the tree-sheltered cottage, endlessly stretched yellow sand that bordered the pebbly beach, and back of this ribbon of pale gold uprose the black wall of a juniper-fringed forest Cullen, unheeding the moaning diapason of the elements, rode with bowed head among scattering jack pine, hemlock and scrub oak, until the trail emerged on a main road. Here, with troubled gaze, he passed under a skeleton arch of bare limbs while the bay's hoofbeats struck out sweet autumn scents from the decaying foliage. At times, distant hill ranges became visible through purplish haze; again he crossed tortuous brooks and rivers that gave prismatic images of overhanging cedars, but he saw nothing of the wild beauty. His consciousness was busy with visions of his last year's night school. Among the memory-forms he saw Dan Ackley, quietly studious, with calm, level-gazing blue eyes; Jake Cole, brilliant of eye, like an animal, alert, empty of brain, masterful, ill-tempered; and, loved by both, the girl whose beauty had unwittingly wrought this havoc. Justine's fancy had wavered. Jake's seeming brilliance was but the sparkling surface of a noxious pool. Accident gave the girl a glimpse into the foul depths; then, like a flower seeking light, she turned from the false to the true. Her betrothal to Dan became known in the settlement. Jake, liquor-crazed, had nursed his jealous hatred. Now this horror closed the chapter of a backwoods rivalry.

Cullen roused himself from his reverie as he rounded the end of Muskrat Lake and saw Pineville perched aloft in the distance like a toy village. The widened roadway, plodding teams, and wayfarers were added evidence that he neared a country town. Pete Shawnoga, followed at heel by a lean-bodied cur, slipped by with gun in hand. Next came the lurching figure of an aged man, ill-clad, unshaven. His rugged face was ablaze with silent laughter. He greeted Cullen thickly, reeled from side to side, recovered and staggered on. The inebriate was Bill Ackley, Dan's worse than useless stepfather, who survived the lad's brokenhearted mother. With clenched hand raised skyward, the circuit rider impiously cursed Buck Bender, the primal cause of settlement debauchery. Like a deadly vampire the saloonist had fastened himself on the fair face of a primeval world, battening his greed at the expense of a primitive people, obeying no law of God or man, and fearing no power of Heaven or earth except the enmity and influence of the big minister.

After passing the blacksmith shop and two stores, Cullen drew rein before a long, unpainted drygoods box of a building, fastened his horse at a hitching-post embedded in much trampled sand, mounted the plank steps, and entered the enemy's domain. Buck Bender, of ox-like growth but with the eyes of a fox, glared at him from behind an oil-cloth covered bar. At the rear of the saloon were several idle lumber-jacks and Indians. In the center a dozen men surrounded a card-littered table. Among the last was the man Cullen sought.

"Dade," he announced quietly, "I'm here to see Dan Ackley."

Jim Dade, large-boned and lank, nodded greeting, played out his hand, then rose and jauntily perched a moth-eaten cap on his head before following the minister into the open.

"After your stray sheep?" he inquired ironically, in nasal tones.

"Not altogether," retorted Cullen, who lacked the meek and lowly element supposed to be inseparable from his calling. "I'm likewise out on a wolf-hunt."

The sheriff laughed.

"Keep out of the den," he advised.

"That's where sportsmen seek game," Cullen flashed back.

"Anyway, there's no use o' you holdin' spite agin' Bender," the sheriff urged. "Nothin' human kin shet likker outside these mossbacks. It just naturally gravitates down their throats."

The big missionary made no response; they were before the town jail, and Dade was unlocking the double-riveted door. As it swung back the sheriff withdrew, leaving Cullen alone with the solitary prisoner.

Dan had risen expectantly to his feet. His rather prominent blue eyes were hope-illumined. A smile of relief lighted his pale countenance. He knew that, barring death, the minister would come. He had counted the hours with exact knowledge of the time that must elapse. Now the actual sight of that familiar, broad, muscular form was the dawn of day on a dark world.

Hands gripped in eloquent clasp. Eyes met and exchanged the love that men cannot express to each other.

"I didn't kill him," were the first words that burst from Dan's lonely, overcharged heart. "Mr. Cullen, you know me better than to believe that. He said vile words about Justine, vile insults. I was insane with anger. I didn't know I was capable of feeling such a murderous desire to strangle even a blackguard. But we fought fairly. I never gave him that death-blow."

"Are you able to judge? Were you both sober?" the minister asked searchingly. His heart sank when he perceived the red stain Dan's cheek, then recede leaving him ashen with pallor.

"We had been at Bender's," the young man admitted. "My errand was to cash a pay check. You know about them Company's checks. We pay for the accommodation by buying drinks. Don't think I'm begging off. I was a fool and worse, but I knew what I was about. Then Dowling stopped the fight, and ordered us to leave work for the rest of the afternoon. Jake went to the shack to sleep off his booze, but I had my gun along, so went hunting."

"But he wasn't shot," said the minister.

"No, he was clubbed to death. Some one must have followed him and struck him down. His skull was fractured."

"Has he an enemy?" Cullen questioned sharply.

"No," Dan said, after a moment's reflection. "He's well liked; but some one might have intended to rifle the shack and run onto him, or an Indian might have been prowling after liquor."

"What luck had you hunting?" irrelevantly demanded Cullen.

"None," said Dan. "The nearest I came to game was a hollow coon tree."

"Well," persisted his teacher, "what then?"

"I fired up the hollow and shot the animal; but he wedged himself in the very top. He must have been killed. I could see a bit of his fur through an opening, but no amount of shaking would start him out. I had to come away and leave him, for I was over an hour's tramp back in the bush, and it was growing dark. When I reached camp Dade arrested me."

For nearly an hour Cullen laid bare every corner of the imprisoned lad's heart and mind. Not an incident or moment of the fatal day escaped examination. At the close, Dan's inquisitor, heavy-hearted because of apprehension, withdrew. He had discovered nothing of importance. The wall of circumstantial evidence against Dan showed no weak point. With words of encouragement foreign to his own state of mind he had signaled Dade and departed.

Beyond the locked door Dade said with conviction: "That's to be dead man number two."

"Wait for the hanging," suggested Cullen.

"We're sick of quarrelsome lumberjacks," protested the sheriff. "The State will make an exclamation point of this one. He'll dance the death jig."

Having regained his horse, the circuit rider waited for no further discussion. His firm-set lips signified a definite object, his stern countenance and brightened eyes told of a new resolve. Again he passed under the forest's bare, overhanging arch along a main-traveled road, then diverged into a blazed trail. Every by-path in all that region was familiar to the settlement minister. At last he found himself surrounded by sharp-pointed balsams whose tips were like church spires, the gray-green spruce, regal cedars, down-drooping, and lastly the light ethereal tamarack whose roots love water. A few rods farther on was a new-built roadway, and at the end he found Dowling's road gang building corduroy across the swamp. Hank Dowling, himself wiry, alert, profane, stood directing and urging his men. At Cullen's shout he leaped from the half-submerged log on which he balanced and advanced along the bare comb-teeth of evenly placed ties. His weather-browned cheek was pouched with tobacco and his blue overalls were precariously hitched in one spot fore and aft.

"That's Gawd's truth," he affirmed in answer to Cullen's leading question. "The bucks worked Monday till quarter time. An' Dan, he's good as two men or four Injuns. Behaved first-class till he got to cashing checks at Bender's. That was Jake's doings. Mizzery wants company, an' Jake, he wanted Dan drug to his level. Yesterday they was both some 'tanked,' but Jake was more; he was vicious. After they fit like wildcats I laid 'em off. Told 'em to cool off. Jake, he moseyed back to the shack, but Dan, he pertended to go huntin'. The boys fetch guns in case they stumble on a rabbit coming or going. So Dan had his'n an' started toward them south woods. He must 'a' circled back an' finished the job."

As the boss talked he was joined by a man evidently waiting orders. Cullen wondered as he noted the youth's stupid, porcine countenance and small imbedded eyes, like those of a fat porker, how Dowling could use such material. The individual remained patiently in the background. There his bulk came to rest like a boulder.

"Jake sick?" Dowling repeated the last inquiry in astonished accents. "Not accordin' to my idear, he wa'n't. If that swamper was sufferin' any sort o' illness, I'd like to see a well one."

At this instant he discovered Eli Schram, the waiting workman.

"What the h——l you doin' here?" he roared at him, and continued to growl profanely, even when civilly asked for directions. As Cullen had learned what he expected to hear, he retreated during Dowling's customary tirade and headed for the locality of the crime.

A half-mile from the scene of road-building he reached a number of small bark huts used as temporary sleeping quarters by the road-builders. Near them were the rude kitchen and dining room used in common by these men who preceded the sawyers and teamsters of the Garrish lumber camp. As the circuit rider passed the spot each week on his outbound journey, he was able to select the particular hut used by his one-time pupils. Lifting aside the hewn planks that formed a door, he found himself within walls made of leaning bark. On either side were separate piles of boughs, blanket-covered, where the two young men had so recently slept. On Sunday night, when he preached at his farthest appointment, the lads were here in fullest strength of manhood. While he held the Monday evening service at Oakwood, one of the pair was rigid in death and the other waiting trial for murder. Now, near midday of Tuesday, the shack was deserted and shunned, while the supposed murderer's one hope of deliverance rested with the man who examined every foot of surface, every removable article.

Cullen painstakingly carried the hemlock beds to the light and scattered them on the ground. The blankets followed, together with several discarded garments. When nothing remained but the sloping walls and the earth floor, stump-covered where small trees had been cut to secure space, the minister began a systematic search of each dark corner. With prying fingers he inspected the earth under the bent sides. Twice, thrice, he circled the low room, until in an overlapping spot his hand encountered a smooth, cold surface. He drew the object forth, and gazed upon a pint flask half-filled. The contents were crystal clear, but no label marked their name or origin. Withdrawing the cork he inhaled pungent fumes. He touched the vial to his tongue and an expression of puzzled amazement overspread his features. Thoughtfully he left the dismantled hut and remounted. A bar of sunlight streamed through the treetops, and still doubting his sense of taste and smell, Cullen drew forth the flask and held it in the bright light. Instantly he heard the zip of a bullet, and his uplifted hand held the lower part of a smashed bottle. For another instant he stared foolishly at the jagged glass and deluging fluid which filled the air with acrid odor. Then he lashed the startled bay to a gallop along the back track.

Again he hailed Dowling, and when the boss approached, he asked if a messenger could be sent with a note to Bud Cole at the settlement. When Dowling agreed to dispatch one of his men, Cullen used his bent knee as a desk to write a communication to Jake Cole's parents. Having finished filling the page from a memorandum, he addressed it and handed it to the waiting boss.

"What about sending Eli Schram?" he asked. "Is he here?"

"D——d 'f I know," Dowling declared, glancing about among the men without interest. "Anyhow," said he, "the Dutchman's too slow to keep up with his shadder. I'll send Stickney."

Cullen tendered a generous fee for the service, then gained the main road and started eastward. At a log-cabin home, where corn stocks covered a field like the tents of an encamped army and gaunt hunting dogs bayed a welcome, he stopped for a quick lunch while his horse fed. Again he mounted and pressed on. By four of the waning day he was far from the spot where he should have been conducting the funeral service for Jake Cole. When the scene about him became phantom-like in the gathering dusk, he approached a small city. Its proximity was heralded by the hoarse scream of an incoming locomotive, and later by blinking kerosene street lights. At a bustling inn the circuit rider put up his weary horse and dined. Afterward he walked down the imposing business street until he came to an office building. Passing up the wide stair to a hall, he paused at a door etched with a name and bearing a plate marked with the word "Push." When he stepped inside, a white-haired man of considerable girth but limited height came forward to meet him. The old doctor's gaze questioned, but his lips remained mute; for to his astonishment his caller was carefully unwrapping from a stained handkerchief the jagged half of a broken flask. In the bottom of the smashed bottle there still remained an inch in depth of a fluid that appeared to be pure water.

"Dr. Monroe," said Cullen. "I have come many miles to ask you the name of that liquid."

* * * * * *

The fall term of the county court was close at hand. In fact, the session was so imminent that Robert Cullen had difficulty in rounding out his plans. When it actually convened he found the room filled to the doors with the usual lumber-woods crowd—lumbermen in wammuses of every rainbow hue, farmers, village loafers, and a group of silent, bewildered Indians. Dowling and his gang were present as witnesses for the prosecution. Buck Bender, with his faction, represented the lawless element, and malignantly stared at his moral opponent. Corbin, the overworked circuit judge—so fair of hair, complexion, and eyes that he seemed in a sense blotted out—occupied a chair back of a long desk. At his right was stationed Rankin, the over-tall, lean-faced, keen-eyed attorney for the prosecution. At the left were Dade and his prisoner. Several cases of assault and one of cattle-poisoning had been briefly dispatched, and now Dan became the absorbing object of interest, not only in the room, but throughout the region.

"Has the prisoner secured counsel?" the judge questioned in a low voice of mild accent.

"I represent Dan Ackley's interest," Cullen announced.

"That six-foot-two of sky pilot backs his people up in deviltry," muttered a voice in the audience.

Judge Corbin turned his mild gaze toward the sound, and the room became silent as a morgue. With practiced celerity he soon had Dan's trial in full swing. Twelve men were speedily chosen from the venire, since Rankin challenged but a few and Cullen made no objection to any man offered. Presently Rankin, in his opening address, painted the prisoner—and his friends—in Rembrandt tints; the picture was dark in coloring and the forms unrecognizable. He proved in lurid speech that the only suitable opening in the world for Dan was his own premature grave; the only place he could desirably fill was his coffin. In soaring flights he urged the jury to save the community by erasing a vandal from the earth. Dan listened with flinching heart but his slightly prominent blue eyes were trustingly fixed on his friend, and as Cullen seemed not at all impressed, he believed the oratory represented a blank cartridge.

Witnesses in rapid succession proved the motive of rivalry, described the fight, told of Dan's pretense at hunting, and finally of discovering Jake with a fractured skull. Dowling made clear the fact that both lads had been more or less "tanked," and opined that "love and likker was a h——l-beating combination," whereupon the judge insisted upon order and improved English. Cullen allowed each statement to pass without cross-examination until the wondering judge turned toward him and demanded: "Where's your defense? Have you nothing to offer?"

"Just this." Cullen stood on his feet to answer, while his gray eyes swept the audience. "Hank Dowling has testified to Dan's starting into the south woods hunting at three in the afternoon. The prosecution surmises that the prisoner made a detour and murdered his victim. This is false. If allowed the privilege, my client will prove that he hunted the entire three hours intervening between the fight and his arrest. If permitted, Dan will lead the court officers to a coon tree far down in the south tract, where he shot an animal during that interval. This solitary bit of game is lodged high up in the hollow trunk of a giant beech where no one living could place it or remove it. Every hunter will convince you that this evidence could not be faked. The march to and from that tree requires three hours of time. Let him prove this alibi."

"And so," sneered Rankin, "the verification of this astounding evidence is in the top of a remote hollow beech!"

"But the truth is there," persisted Cullen.

"Your honor, this is nonsense," stormed Rankin. "No man can locate a certain hollow tree five miles back in the heart of a dense forest."

"Let the prisoner try," boomed out the minister's bass. "If Dan can lead the jury to the dead coon, it proves his innocence. Give him a chance; give him fair play!"

The last two words are the pioneer's slogan. Like a wind from the pines arose a murmur of approval. Despite Rankin's torrent of opposition, despite the novelty of the proceeding, Judge Corbin showed that his pale exterior covered a hand of steel, and unhesitatingly admitted the evidence. Consequently, Dade was given an assisting guard and ordered to accompany his prisoner and the jury to the spot described.

Promptly the courtroom emptied. For the first time in history—at least recorded history—a prisoner on trial for life and the jury sitting in judgment were ordered forth on a coon hunt; therefore every man wished to see the finish. As the cavalcade proceeded to the spot where watches were to be timed, the entire masculine village of Pineville evacuated. At the Garrish camp the workmen noted the curious advance, and immediately swelled the number.

"This looks more like being buried with much pomp and military honor than a murder trial," declared Griswold, the manager.

"Or Old Hickory parades," said Dowling.

Over fallen trees, across brooks, into the bog of a marsh, unerringly led Dan. His straggling line of followers laughed, jested or swore at the numerous pitfalls. Dade, being mounted, rode beside his prisoner, while the twelve jurors filed, Indian-like, at his rear. At the end of the first mile Dan paused, wavered, then proceeded a trifle toward his left. Closely watching for familiar landmarks, noting his general direction by waning sunlight, he paced off the second and third miles. Finally he began to move in narrowing circles, and at the core of this maneuver there stood a gigantic hollow beech pointing a lean finger skyward.

Dan stopped in his tracks and extended his arm.

"That's the tree," he said.

Interest grew intense as two lumberjacks came forward with the axes they had provided, and stationed themselves on opposite sides of the great hollow trunk. Alternately their flashing blades bit deep. In turn huge chips fell at either side. At a safe distance the circle of witnesses was outlined like a sketch in tones of sepia against the dull browns and drabs of the forest. The huge tree ultimately trembled throughout its length, tentatively creaked, then thunderously crashed to earth. Immediately two men with a long cross-cut saw stepped forward and laid it across the fallen trunk at the point Dan indicated. For five breathless minutes the steel blade sang the high-keyed, musical chime of the lumber-woods.

"Go it, Bill!" encouraged a bystander.

"Get a move on, Ike!" cheered another.

Then the gleaming saw chugged through. A score of ready hands slued the severed trunks to right and left. The crucial moment had come. The prisoner, jury, sheriff, and counsel, with the followers, leaned forward to inspect the opening where a wounded coon should have died and have been coffined in the upper hollow. Dade stared, then swore.

No coon was there!

"This is a trick, a d———d trick!" he

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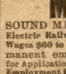

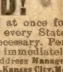

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cried. "The dashed preacher knew there was no coon. If you've worked this for a rescue you're betting on the wrong hoss. The minute you skedaddle, you drop. Mind that!"

Among the thronging spectators there was a moment's absolute silence. Then the strained tension disrupted in loud laughter. Back through the gathering twilight, over prostrate logs, around brush, back to the twinkling lights of the village, stumbled the diminishing throng, and ever and anon roared forth the laugh.

The third and last day of the brief trial opened in an atmosphere of intense excitement. That Cullen had a last trump up his sleeve was the common belief. His placid demeanor could signify nothing less. Rankin eyed him uneasily. The fiasco of the coon-hunting alibi had damaged the attorney's temper.

"We won't hunt coon today," had been his sarcastic greeting.

Without noting the taunt, Cullen strode to the judge's desk and placed before the magistrate the penciled name of a new witness, together with a half-pint flask containing a quantity of colorless liquid.

"That, your honor," explained the minister, "is exhibit number two."

For one brief instant he faced the judge, then his sweeping glance was again fixed on the men of Dowling's crew. He saw that Eli Schram's porcine countenance was the hue of unbaked dough; the imbedded pig-like eyes were round with horror.

Judge Corbin extended the written slip to Dade.

"Call that witness," he ordered.

At the sheriff's summons a white-haired man of great rotundity, but dignified, well-dressed, and entirely at ease, stepped to the witness stand. Many in the room knew him to be the famous surgeon and physician from Midland City. After the usual preliminaries Dr. Monroe proceeded to relieve his erudite mind of a vast amount of technical phraseology. Gleanings of ordinary language made plain that the portly doctor, with his associate and before witnesses, had held a post-mortem examination of the late Jake Cole's digestive organs. They found the same saturated with the penetrating, poisonous solution known to science as denatured alcohol. Several days were consumed in subjecting the matter to analytical proof before the right authorities. Now they were in position to take oath that the deceased experienced a violent death from two causes. First, he had imbibed enough of the acrid fluid to send him into death convulsions; second, during this paroxysm he had evidently thrown himself on a sharp substance with sufficient force to fracture his skull. The frontal bone was crushed in a manner to insure loss of life from that alone.

"Therefore," he summed up, "the deceased died from two distinct agents, either one of which would have proved fatal."

At this stage of the testimony the flask with its colorless fluid was being inspected by the twelve men sitting in judgment. Slowly it passed from hand to hand.

"Give us a swig; it's in every lumberjack's stomach," muttered a voice. Laughter swept over the room until a word from the judge brought silence. Juror number four was holding the flask upright while he received the cork from juror three. As his head was turned, a shot rang out. There was a shattering of glass. Blood streamed from the still extended but empty hand, and juror number four sat stupidly staring at an index finger that lacked a tip.

In the body of the room there was a confusion of struggling forms. Dade had plunged into the midst, and presently dragged forth a heavy body with porcine countenance and blinking pig eyes.

"That, your honor," explained the big missionary rising to his feet, "is the second and last witness for the defense. Eli Schram, nineteen years of age, lacking in intellect but expert shot, will testify that the late Jake Cole had ridiculed his appearance and peculiarities until he was maddened by continued insult. He will swear that, knowing Jake's love of stimulant would be intensified by debauch, he planned to slip the inebriate a pint of this liquid which few men can distinguish from pure alcohol. The lad's dull reasoning was not at fault. You know the result. After Jake became a victim of this plan for revenge, the avenger had but one thought in his deficient intellect. He wished to discover and destroy the remains of what had caused Jake Cole's death. He was unsuccessful where I succeeded. He will tell you that when I found the secreted flask from which the victim had swallowed two-thirds of the contents, he made secret use of his ability at fancy shooting to perform the same act you have just witnessed—an attempt to destroy evidence."

Amid the intense stillness of the courtroom the musical bass of the circuit rider related in detail his efforts for the defense of his beloved pupil. He admitted that, while he knew Dan's coon hunt was authentic, he realized the possibility that the animal might not have been mortally wounded. Admission of this evidence, however, lengthened the precious hours required for the analysis conducted by Dr. Monroe. He finally emphasized the fact that Schram was a minor; that he was deficient in mind, that he had been unduly provoked to assault, and asked the people's leniency in his behalf

At Cullen's last word Judge Corbin closed the case, briefly charged the jury, and sent them from the room. Almost immediately they returned with light step, toe to heel, as they had marched the ten miles to and from Dan's coon tree.

"Gentlemen," inquired the judge, "what is your verdict?"

"Not guilty," boomed the deep voice of the foreman.

"Not guilty," responded each juror as his number was called down the line. With the exception of the words uttered, they might have been Cullen's winter spelling class standing in accurate file for recitation. With the response of the talesmen the State's case against Dan Ackley was practically concluded. What the people would do in prosecuting Eli Schram and the salesman of the pint of deadly wood alcohol rested with another panel. Twelve others were to decide Schram's responsibility—his sanity.

That evening the flickering light of pine knots in Cullen's open grate lighted the faces of a group outlined against the dull, plank walls. Two of the number stood before the missionary with joined hands, while each in turn repeated the solemn responses of the marriage ceremony. In that mellow light Justine's wild beauty was glorified; her cotton gown of dark blue seemed the robe of a princess. The blue-eyed, level-gazing man at her side might have served as model for a Greek god.

"I, Dan, take thee, Justine, to be my wedded wife," the deep musical voice had uttered. Finally came the closing words, then the dismissal: "That is all; you may go."

"No, that isn't all!" cried Dan. "It's not half. We have yet to make you understand that we're yours, body and soul; that every thought and act will be given to any work you name, and that henceforth we wait for your command."

"Then," the big missionary said, in tones vibrant with the joy known to those who rescue lives from evil, "brighten my cabin with your continued presence, and aid me in my crusade against vice."

Again came the solemn response of the ritual, like an echo of the late marriage vow: "I will."

The end.

* * *

## A Canine Catastrophe

(Continued on page four.)

up the pursuit of the frantic Tootsie, those who lingered begging the hysterical Mrs. Moon to tell them where she was bitten—a question which savored more of curiosity than delicacy.

Timothy, deserted by his lady, was nevertheless not far behind her on the stair. As it chanced, the doctor opened his door and saw the man, still with the awful grimace frozen on his face.

There had been some coolness between the medical sprig and the Moons for a time; but this was no occasion to stand on ceremony. The doctor leaped for him, dragged him into his office, and threw Timothy on the couch. The wide-eyed neighbors, hovering about the door, saw the doctor with one knee on the patient's chest, his thumbs inserted in his mouth, apparently struggling to hold Timothy down.

There sounded the clatter of heavy boots and a red-faced police officer broke through the group, club in hand.

"Hould him, doctor! I'll quick give yez a hand wid him," he cried.

Something snapped, quite audibly to all in the room, and the physician stepped back, giving Timothy a helping hand to a sitting posture on the edge of the couch. Mr. Moon's jaws were closed, and the angry color was receding from his cheeks. He parted his lips, but gingerly, and spoke:

"What did ye come in here for, Mulligan?" he demanded, of the officer. "Did ye expect to find a sneak-thief, or a lunatic? And the whole of ye—gapin' there in the doorway!"

He glared at his mystified neighbors. "Can't a man put his jaw out of its socket wi'out ye sound the riot call? Huh! I bet 'twas that fool wife of mine that stirred all this up."

He strode out of the doctor's office and up the stairs. Mrs. Moon, very weak in the legs, but thankful, followed in his wake.

"Oh, Timmie!" she murmured, as her husband made for the emergency bottle in the cupboard and poured himself a mighty drink. "I thought you had hydrophoby, sure enough. My! what a blessin' it was ye only dislocated your jaw!"

"A blessin', is it?" mumbled Timothy, eying her malevolently. "I suppose if I'd broke me leg ye'd had a mass said! That's the sort of a wife you be."

There was a knock at the door. The abashed Mrs. Moon opened it and there appeared a half-grown urchin, his heated and grimy face a-grin. He held out a limp something that looked like a decrepit carriage sponge.

"Here's yer dawg, Mis' Moon," said the visitor, with the air of one who has done a virtuous deed and expects to be rewarded. "We killed it all right, all right! It'll never bite youse again."

The stunned lady sat down heavily, the remains of poor Tootsie in her lap. Mr. Moon's mouth opened to emit a laugh; but he closed it quickly in silence, and with a painful grimace.

Then he poured himself a second and congratulatory drink.

In next week's Ledger the reader will find another of these diverting "Moon" stories. It is called "Twenty-five Times Two Equals Trouble" and it will do you good to read it.

* * *

## In a Lumber Camp.

Louis D. Brandeis was being congratulated, at the Union Club in Boston, on the rejection of the Cunningham coal claims.

"You and your friends," said a broker, "worked hard. You must now be pleased at the successful outcome of your hard work."

"Yes," said Mr. Brandeis, frankly, "some of us did work very hard. None of us, not even the least of us, soldiered."

He smiled and added:

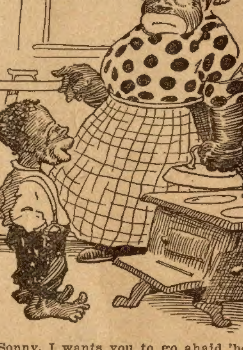
"The thought of soldiering reminds me of an anecdote. A classmate of mine at Harvard went, in the summer of '76, to a Canadian lumber camp. He was a lean, pale, stringy chap, and he hoped the rough life would do him good.

"Well, the first day they put him on a cross-saw with an experienced sawyer, and he did fairly well. But the second day he was stiff and sore, and there was less vim in his cross-sawing. The third day, quite done up, with hands blistered and every muscle aching, he sawed wretchedly—wretchedly.

"His partner at the other end said nothing for some time. Then the old fellow's patience became at last exhausted, and, letting go the saw handle, he straightened up and said quietly:

"'Son, I don't mind yer riding on this here saw, but I surely would be obleeged if ye'd keep yer feet off the ground.'"

* * *



"Sonny, I wants you to go ahaid 'bout yoh business an' not try to put on style. Jes' 'member dat de folks what makes de mos' 'sturbance ain' always de folks what's doin' de actual work."

"Dat's right mammy. Look at Santa Claus. He jes' comes around quiet an' goes away, an' we wouldn't hab a bit mo' respeck foh him if he wus to come aroun' wif' a brass band."

Quick Action Prescription
Cures Colds in a Day

The best and quickest prescription known to medical science for colds and coughs is as follows. "From your druggist get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake it well. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age." Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a tin screw-top sealed case. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. There are many cheaper preparations of large quantity but it don't pay to experiment. This treatment is certain cure. This has been published here for six winters and thousands say it has no equal.

CORNS Here is the quickest and surest cure known for corns, callouses, bunions, frost-bites, sweaty and aching feet. "Two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound in hot foot-bath gives instant relief and if repeated daily for a short time, permament cure results. Get a 25c box of this remarkable Calocide from any druggist or direct from Medical Formula Laboratories of Chicago.

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# Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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Advertising rate $1.85 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of over

875,000
COPIES WEEKLY.

## GENTLE JABS.

Cultivate the Christmas spirit.

Pity the patient, plodding postman.

May your Christmas tree be fruitful.

Merry Christmas! It is up to you, anyway.

To get real joy out of Christmas help others get it.

Santa Claus won't get any more letters for a whole year.

Put the Christmas spirit into your actions and make it stay put.

We are now on the home stretch for the season of peace on earth.

In Christmas shopping there is a difference between late and latest.

But the gifted girl doesn't necessarily get the most Christmas presents.

If you get a pair of skates for Christmas we wish you a freeze to match them.

Still, a man gets some of his money back if his wife hands him a Christmas gift.

There is time even yet to pick up a few trifles for those friends you have overlooked.

It is difficult for the optimistic father of ten children to look it as Christmas approaches.

Yes, Gwendolen, we agree with you that it is better to be kissed than missed under the mistletoe.

Still, a person with money and a good constitution can buy a lot of Christmas presents the last week.

Slight pretexts are used by men for getting out of Christmas giving—and by women for getting into it.

The man with nine children and thirty-three grandchildren would also like to see a sane 25th of December.

How is the woman to do her Christmas shopping early when she hasn't yet received the threatened check from her rich uncle?

You may tell yourself that the poor are used to being cold and so do not mind it, but it is hard work to lie successfully to one's self.

It is hard to tell whether the Christmas present problem is more serious to the man who has the money or the woman who hasn't.

It is foxy to send presents that are really nice about two days before Christmas. Then the person receiving them can take back the cheap thing he purchased and get one that is worth while.

# Pickled Peppers

### Bashful Couple.

Arthur had never kept company with a girl, nor had Maria ever "received attentions," but by some miracle they now found themselves together, riding on a lonesome country road.

Conversation was at a standstill. The old nag stumped along with his head hung low, and would not hurry. Not a man or a house was in sight, not a sound could be heard. The silence was intense and oppressive. Maria scanned the fringe of ragweed on her side of the road. Arthur peered hopefully into the hazel brush on his side.

A half-grown rabbit sprang from somewhere and with a dozen leaps was gone.

"Do you like rabbit?" asked Maria, impulsively.

"Yes," replied the swain quickly. And there he stopped. His mouth hung wide open, but not another word occurred to him.

He blushed. He remembered there was not a house nor a man in sight. He strained his eyes at the fringe of hazel brush. The silence intensified and bore down like a palpable weight. Then Arthur drew in a sharp breath, pulled himself together resolutely and glanced toward his friend.

"And my!" he said. "And my! Ain't the gravy good!"

### A Smart Boy.

Uncle Jackson (showing city boy the farm)—With all your city eddication, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow frum?

The Boy—Sure, I do. It's the under side!—Puck.

### The Law's Limit.

A big handsome lawyer from one of the southern States presented himself at the door of the Supreme Court when there was an important case being argued. He passed by the long line of people waiting for their turn to come, but was suddenly halted at the entrance of the chamber.

"Are you a member of this bar?" asked the doorkeeper.

"Well—er—no, not exactly, but I'm a practicing lawyer."

"Then you'll have to stand in line back there," was the response.

The Southerner turned away after pressing his point a little longer. There was an old white-haired negro standing near him in the corridor, and to him the lawyer said:

"Look here, uncle, this is an outrage! Why, I have practiced law for thirty years and that fellow won't let me in there."

"Well, boss," replied the old darky, looking up at him respectfully, "dat's all so, I guess, but you got to be powerful keerful round heah, fo' if you git in contempt of dat dere cout dere ain't nobody left to 'peal to but Gord-amighty."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

### Feminine Indorsement.

She advanced to the paying teller's window, and, handing in a check for $50, stated that it was a birthday present from her husband and asked for payment. The teller informed her that she must first indorse it.

"I don't know what you mean," she said hesitatingly.

"Why, you see," he explained, "you must write your name on the back, so that when we return the check to your husband, he will know we have paid you the money."

"Oh, is that all?" she said, relieved. One minute elapsed.

Thus the indorsement: "Many thanks, dear, I've got the money. Your loving wife, Evelyn."

### A Changed Young Woman.

"Have you seen Miss Beanpole since she inherited a fortune?"

"Yes. She is greatly changed.

"How?"

"Well, she used to be frightfully skinny."

"And now she's divinely slender."

### The Safety-Pin.

Uncle John flew down the back stairs! So great was his momentum that before he could stop himself he had gone halfway across the kitchen, and banged into the kitchen table. Turning, he rushed out of the kitchen, through the back hall, and out at the door, which he slammed behind him. Meanwhile Ellen, the nursemaid, stood before the telephone, and wildly flopped her hands—except when at regular intervals she needed them to take down the receiver in order to see if the line was still busy.

Upstairs a red-faced, squalling baby kicked and squirmed in the arms of its distracted mother. This strangling infant was the unhappy cause of all the excitement, for, so Ellen affirmed with tears in her eyes, it had swallowed a safety-pin. Although, to the mother, it seemed hours, it was in reality but a short time before Uncle John, puffing like a steam engine, returned. Behind him came the baby's father, wild-eyed and pale. At the same instant the doorbell frantically announced the doctor.

All three men tore up stairs into the nursery, where they formed a semicircle round the human storm-center.

Suddenly the baby stopped screaming to gaze in wide-eyed astonishment at the frantic men before him. Then he looked down at the floor, and murmuring, "Pitty! pitty!" pointed to a large, bright safety-pin, which lay near at hand, provokingly innocent, on the nursery rug.

### All Objectors.

Father—It's a curious thing that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one you insist on it.

Daughter—Yes; and whenever we are agreed the man objects!

### For Londoners.

"It's perfectly easy for an American vaudevillian to tickle the English funny-bone," writes Marshall P. Wilder. "All that is needful is to avoid really new stuff. Reframe your stories so that they have a reminiscent tang. If they're near enough a good old story, and yet not quite the same, the British brother will hand you one of the heartiest cackles you ever heard."

And he illustrates his point by the following yarn, which is one of the big laugh getters for him in London. "A man was walking along the bank of a Scottish stream," says he, "when he saw a fellow workman struggling in the water. The man's face was familiar to him, and he stood there puzzling.

"'Help me, ye lang fule,' said the man in the water, 'or I'll droon.'

"'What's yer name?' asked the man on the bank.

"'Tammie Tammas,'" said the other.

"'Ye're foreman of the pattern cutting bench?'"

"'Ake—guggle—guggle—mon,' said the other, going under.

"'Then droon,' said the man on the bank, walking away. He went direct to the boss. 'I want Tammie Tammas' job,' said he. 'He just drooned.'

"'Ye're too late, mon,' said the superintendent. 'I juist gied the job to the man that pushed puir Tammie in.'"

### Why He Was Absent.

"Brother Hardesty wasn't able to come to church last Sunday. He had caught a cold."

"Yes, and it settled in his feet. That was our day for taking up the missionary collection."

### Befriended Him.

A burglar was arrested for robbing a house up the State some time since, and the next morning the victim rushed wildly into the magistrate's office. As soon as he could get his breath to working again he told the official that he had come to see about the prisoner.

"Glad you came down," was the affable response of the magistrate, "I suppose you want to appear against him."

"Well, I guess not!" exclaimed the victim with a glad smile. "I want to kiss him on the brow and give him $10. Among other things that he stole from the house was a package of love letters that I wrote to my wife before we were married."

### No Cause for Alarm.

A well-known Milwaukeean, who recently returned from a trip through Europe, is said to have smuggled in some dutiable goods.

Asked by one of his intimate acquaintances if he was not nervous when getting the stuff through the customs office without declaring it, he replied:

"Oh, no. You see, my wife packed the stuff away, and she can put stuff into a trunk so that she can't even find it herself."

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 20 cents per word.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks. Average $1100. Every second week off—full pay. Examinations announced everywhere Jan. 15. Write for free sample questions. Candidates prepared free. Address Franklin Institute, Dept. R-31, Rochester, New York.

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GREAT Land Sale in Texas—Write quick. There's a big choice tract of land just 80 miles northwest of Houston, Texas, that is now open for settlement. Land is cheap and can be had on easy terms. Down there they clear from $300 to $1,500 an acre in Figs, Oranges, Pecans and Vegetables. Wild hay is rank, commands good price and should more than net one-half first year's payment. First year's cropshould pay for land. Every day is working day. Sunshine all the time. From 2 to 4 crops each year. Write quick for map, terms and particulars. Prosperity Land Co., Dept. 41, St. Louis, Missouri.

TWO North Dakota Farms for Sale—Rich black top-soil, clay subsoil, good roads, telephone, rural route. One 3½ miles from Dazey at $45 per acre. Other 7½ miles from Ambrose, 160 acres for $3,500. Will take good auto on deal. Easy terms. Address Gust Knudson, Box No. 47, Dazey, North Dakota.

FLORIDA Farm Sacrifice—To close estate at once I must sacrifice beautiful 26-acre Florida home; 6-room cottage; modern improvements; barn, outhouses, all necessary livestock, poultry, machinery and equipment. Will yield over $4,000 a year if properly cared for. Price complete $1,500. Terms $50 cash; $25 quarterly if desired by responsible party. Possession March 1st. "Owners," care A. Jordan, Glidden, Wisconsin.

CUBA—Richest soil. Ideal climate. Abundant rainfall. Cheapest transportation. Literature free. Sanderson, Palace Bldg., Minneapolis.

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REDUCE Your Weight—Interesting book and Proof Treatment mailed absolutely free to any over-stout person. Quick, safe, reliable, lasting reduction; wonderful improvement in health and appearance. Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 E. 22nd St., 9C, New York, N. Y.

LIQUOR Habit — Guaranteed lifelong home cure, 3 days. Absolutely the only reliable. Book mailed free. T. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR Five Dollars a business worth a thousand. Particulars free. E. Hartley, North East, Pa

INDEPENDENT Life Income; $10 to $50 per week; small capital; your own permanent business; exclusive county rights; quiet work during spare time; no mail order; absolutely no selling; we furnish everything. Wilbak Chemical Co., 437 Fifth Ave., New York, New York.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

CONCRETE, old established monthly magazine, of more than 100 pages. Tells the HOWS in all concrete construction. Sample copy ten cents. Address Concrete, 7 Saturday Night Building, Detroit, Mich.

FOR THE HOME

CUT-RATE Groceries: Best Granulated Sugar 5c per pound if bought of us. Other prices just as astonishing. Information free. Vincent Boraten Co., 1012 State Street, Erie, Pennsylvania.

AGENTS WANTED

LINEN Heel and Toe Guaranteed Hosiery direct from mill to wearer. All styles and qualities. Splendid opportunity for live agents. Customers waiting. Reorders insure permanent increasing income. Exclusive territory. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

AGENTS—To sell our new substitute for slot machines; send $1 for sample. Anjou & Co., 118 Water Street, Boyne City, Michigan.

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RAGTIME Piano Playing taught by mail. Write for free booklet. Christensen Musical College, 622 Western Avenue, Chicago.

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HALF off on Watches and Silverware. Save dealer's discount. Catalog free. Bonnell & Co., Harrison County, Tippecanoe, Ohio.

$45.00 PHONOGRAPHS $12.00; 35c records 10c; $100.00 Typewriters $9.75; $210.00 Motorcycles $39.00. Knights, 216 Twelfth St., St. Louis, Missouri.

$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 10, Le Roy, New York.

# A CHILD-WIFE'S CRIME;

## *Or, A HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY*

### By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 50, Dec. 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE RESCUE.

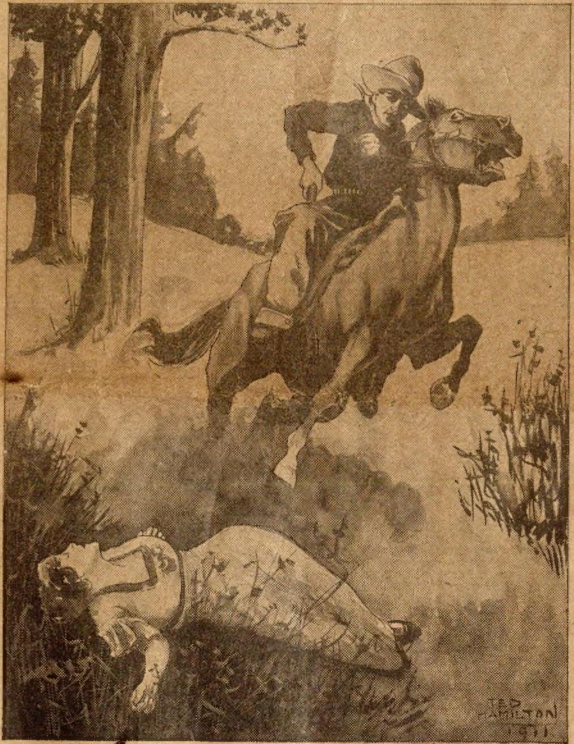
TWO hours later, while Dolores still lay unconscious by the roadside, Charles Warren, foreman of the Ed Taylor ranch started out from the ranch for the mail, taking a cross-cut through a forest path which would bring him sooner to Mesa Grande and therefore back to the ranch sooner. Of late the young man had found it hard to leave even for a few hours. Though he would not admit it to himself, the cause of this reluctance was to be found in the mild blue eyes and sunny smile of his employer's sister, who for the last six months had been living at the ranch, having finished her course in an Eastern school.

Sweet, girlish, sunshiny Irene Taylor had transformed the whole house the first day of her coming, not only because of better housekeeping and a tastier arrangement of the plain but substantial furniture, but morally and mentally as well, the girl exercising most unconsciously an elevating influence over her brother's men. On none was the change more marked than on the young foreman, who had given up swearing and chewing, as well as drinking, since her arrival, she having remarked that these three vices were the ones she most despised in a man. He had also invested in a new flannel shirt and a flaming tie of brilliant scarlet, as well as in a black suit of clothes for Sunday, when the men were invited to join in Sunday worship with the family. The worship consisted of the simple reading of a Bible lesson and the singing of a few hymns by the girl, to the accompaniment of the old out-of-tune piano, which graced the best room of the ranch house.

To Charles Warren, however, both playing and singing were divine, and Sunday morning was now awaited as anxiously as was pay day in olden times, when it meant a good spree and a hot time in San Diego. Ed Taylor had noticed the change in his men, and had rejoiced, wondering meanwhile how this mere slip of a girl, running over with mischief and devilment herself, had been able to gain such absolute control over the untamed natures of the men, in so short a time. He would not have wondered thus had he only taken into consideration the eternal feminine, which either makes or mars a man's character, according to whether the woman in the case is good or bad.

This morning, as Warren was riding along beneath the shady vault of the forest, his thoughts were busy with the girl back at the ranch, wondering if he could ever become rich and good enough to be worthy of her. Suddenly his horse shied, almost throwing him, calling him out of his day dream in a most abrupt fashion. There, in the middle of the path, was a dead horse, still saddled and bridled. After quieting his snorting pony he leaped to the ground and went to examine the animal more closely. With the eye of an expert he soon realized that it had been a thoroughbred, while the expensive mountings of saddle and bridle confirmed his first impression. He looked about him for the rider, finding nothing but the imprint of little feet on the soft mold of the path which caused him to mutter in surprise: "A woman, by George!"

After following the footprints for some hundred rods, and finding nothing, he returned to the waiting pony, which was cropping the thick grass along the path, and remounting, began following the tracks clearly visible on the soft soil made unusually yielding by the recent rains. Thus he continued his way, made anxious by the unusualness of it all, the tracks zigzagging from side to side the farther he went, until his mind, trained to read the silent language of inanimate things, was able to guess that the one who had made them had about reached the limit of her strength, each dragging footstep leaving a deeper mark on the ground. At last, with an oath—the first in many days—he caught sight of a woman's form huddled in a heap on the ground, apparently dead. The first thought which struck him was that she had fallen a victim to some marauding Mission Indian or some Mexican desperado. In a second he was at her side, feeling for the beating of the heart, the waxy whiteness of the face leaving him in doubt as to whether there still was life in the prostrate form. A very faint quiver answered his questioning hand and his face cleared. The woman was not dead. He looked at the ground about him; there was no sign of struggle. Something of the truth dawned upon him—the horse having died, the woman had tried to find her way out of the forest, and had fainted either from exhaustion or fright. He rose to see just where he was, having traveled the path many times. He found that he was still five miles from either Mesa Grande or Camp Powan, where he could get help, but only three miles from the Taylor ranch. He therefore decided to take the stranger back to the ranch, being sure that Irene Taylor, as well as her brother, would make her welcome. He looked in his pocket for the flask of whisky, which in olden times would have been there, but which today he had purposely left behind, the better to resist the temptation of having it refilled. Seeing that he had nothing with which to revive the unconscious woman, he seized the limp figure in his arms, and placed it before him in the saddle, then mounted himself, the pony at first showing his objections to the double weight by a series of leaps in the air, which, however, were unsuccessful in throwing the rider. The clever animal, perceiving this, settled down to a steady gallop back to the ranch, Warren steadying the woman while holding in his horse.



A woman's form huddled in a heap on the ground.

Taylor, since his meeting with Dolores at San Diego and his later interview with her at Lakeside, had returned to the ranch in a very depressed frame of mind. For the first time in his thirty years of life he was in love, and now he knew that this love was as hopeless as it was real. When his eyes had first met the soft black ones of the young woman, this love had been born, becoming full-grown in the instant of its birth, until it seemed to the young man as though it had always existed. His sister had naturally commented on his saddened face, and at first he had answered that the trip had tired him. Later, when she again commented on his changed appearance, feeling like all unhappy lovers, the need of confiding his trouble to some one, he had made a clean breast of it, telling the girl of the unexpected meeting and its consequence.

Irene, while sympathizing, had told him that he must now strive to drive the haunting image from his memory, as he had no right to keep it there. He had promised that he would, and now, as he was trying to keep that promise, his foreman was riding rapidly toward him, carrying in the saddle in front of him the unconscious form of the very one he was trying to forget. It sometimes seems as though, try as we may, we can not escape the will of Destiny.

Irene was in the front yard cutting a bouquet of roses from the rose bush growing over the porch, when, looking up, she saw her brother's foreman coming across the fields carrying a strange object before him. The nature of this burden she could not decide because of the distance, but she had recognized both horse and rider by that unerring instinct which life on the open range gives to the eye. Surprised, she called to her brother, who was in the house:

"Ed, come out and see. Charley is coming back, and he's carrying something in front of him. I can't make out what it is."

"Most likely a hurt calf," remarked Taylor, as he stepped out on the porch. But the minute he looked in the direction indicated he gave a startled exclamation. "Why, it's a woman!" he cried, hurrying to open the gate.

A few minutes later Warren alighted in the yard, having handed the unconscious Dolores over to Taylor, who, the minute he had caught sight of the white face, exclaimed in astonishment and pain: "My God! It is she!"

Irene understood what he meant, and started back in amazement, but the next minute, forgetting her surprise in her realization of the woman's immediate need of assistance, she said with a clearness of decision most unusual in one so young:

"Take her to my room, Ed. You, Charley, ride out to Mesa Grande for a doctor."

Her orders were obeyed. Soon, with the assistance of the old Mexican woman who aided her with the housework, she had undressed Dolores and put her to bed; then they had tried every means they knew to bring back consciousness. Their efforts were so long without effect that Irene began to fear that it was a corpse they were trying to bring back to life. Ed, in the hall without, waited with growing agony. Had this woman he loved in such an unaccountable way been brought to him only to die before his eyes? Every few minutes he would open the door and look in and always the same sight greeted his eyes—the apparently lifeless figure on the bed and the two women working over it, now rubbing the cold hands, now trying to force a little whisky between the clenched teeth.

At last a slight quiver of the lids rewarded their efforts, and Irene asked the old woman if she, too, had seen the movement, the first that spoke of life. Getting an affirmative answer, she bade the servant renew her efforts to restore the circulation, while she herself again tried to force a little whisky through the un-

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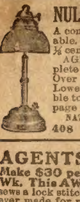

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willing lips. The set teeth had relaxed slightly, and Irene was able to force a few mouthfuls down Dolores' throat. The next minute her eyes opened, then closed again, a little color returned to the white cheeks, a slight breath was perceptible.

Ed had entered the room on hearing Irene's question, and now he was bending eagerly over Dolores, hoping to catch in her eye the first light of returning consciousness. Finally the young woman's eyes opened wide, gazing up at the three anxious faces bending over her. When she caught sight of Ed, she half started to a sitting posture, murmuring, "The stranger!" Then she fell back, exhausted by the effort, barely whispering to herself, "Dreaming, only dreaming!"

Irene had pushed her brother from the room, and when Dolores again opened her eyes, she only saw the girl's sweet face and the dark, wrinkled one of the servant.

"Where am I?" she asked feebly.

"With friends," answered Irene. "Don't worry and don't try to think just yet. The doctor will soon be here."

But in a flash memory returned to the unhappy Dolores, a chill of terror shook her from head to foot, her eyes stared wildly as she clung piteously to the girl's hand, pleading:

"Don't let them capture me! I didn't mean to kill him! I swear to you I didn't. I don't want to go back! Let me die first!"

Irene had some difficulty in calming Dolores, but finally, under her gentle influence and reassuring words, the young woman became quieter, simply moaning to herself in piteous despair.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE STORY.

When the doctor arrived Dolores was in a delirious condition, moaning and calling for mercy, repeating over and over again that she had not meant to kill, that they must not punish her, the names of Miguel, Perdo, Ramona, and the stranger recurring constantly in her disconnected remarks. This continued for ten days, the doctor telling Irene and her brother that there was no immediate danger, that all the young woman was suffering from was some severe mental shock, the effect of which would wear away with time and quiet, and that eventually she would become herself again. He came every day, however, as Taylor insisted he should, not wishing to run any chances as to some unexpected complication setting in. Gradually Dolores grew better, her strong constitution overcoming the nervous shock which had almost wrecked her reason. As she became stronger, her brain cleared, and she remembered all that had taken place since she had so blindly struck the brutal man who was abusing her. As she remembered, she realized that she must soon tell her story to the kind people who had taken her in and nursed her back to life with devotion. How would they receive her story? What would they say? What would they think? Every time Irene came into the room, Dolores would make up her mind to speak; then fear of the consequences sealed her lips. She was so pitifully alone that she feared to lose the new friends fate had given her.

Thus passed another week. She was now able to sit up the greater part of the day, remaining by the open window, which looked out on the green expanse of the forest in which she had lost her way.

One morning Irene said to her: "Don't you think you would enjoy going out in the yard. I believe it would do you good."

"As you wish," replied Dolores. Then making up her mind suddenly, she added: "I think, too, that I shall be better out in the open to tell you my story and the reason why I was thus found in the woods."

"There is no hurry," Irene hastened to assure her. "We were glad to be able to help you, and do not want to know anything unless you feel you want to tell us."

"I must tell you. It is necessary you should know," she replied with a shiver, "for perhaps you may not want to keep me any longer when you do."

Irene laughed reassuringly, saying as she slipped one arm around Dolores' neck: "No danger of that. You are welcome here as long as you care to stay."

Dolores' eyes filled with tears as she drew Irene down to her, kissing the girl's fresh face in a hunger of love and saying wistfully: "Wait until you know. What I have to say is so awful."

"Then don't say it," suggested Irene, returning the sick woman's caress, her own eyes moist in sympathy because of the other's evident suffering.

"I must," answered Dolores resolutely, "Shall we go down now?"

She rose and took a few staggering steps forward, but was forced to sit down again, smiling weakly.

"I did not realize I was so weak," she said. "How long have I been sick?"

"Almost two weeks. Wait! I will call my brother, and he will help you to the garden."

Going to the window, Irene called Taylor, who was waiting in the yard, his sister having told him she intended taking her patient out for an airing. He had arranged a hammock in the shade of the trees, and this he had piled high with pillows and cushions, seeking in every way to insure the comfort of the woman he was daily learning to love more deeply. His anxiety concerning her illness and the pitiful condition in which she had returned into his life had fanned the spark of love into the conquering passion of a lifetime.

"Come and help me, Ed. I don't think our patient is strong enough to walk by herself," Irene called.

Taylor had not waited for a second call, but had hastened at once to Dolores' room. The minute he stepped into the room the young woman rose with the startled cry, "You!"

"Yes, madam," answered the young man; "it seems as though fate did not want us to be separated."

Dolores had fallen back into her chair, white and trembling.

"How come you here?" she asked, when her emotion had subsided and she was again able to speak.

Irene, knowing that the explanation had to come some time or another, said nothing, letting the two interested parties do the talking. She knew her brother's love, and now in Dolores' emotion she thought she read an answering affection. Ed had told her the young woman was married, therefore not free, yet she had felt that somehow things would come all right in the end, so that two lives would not be ruined by an error of the past. Anyway, for the present, with Dolores so weak and sick, there was nothing to be done but let fate take its course.

"This is my home," Taylor replied to Dolores' question.

"How did I come here?" The color was slowly returning to the young woman's wan cheeks, as her heart was gradually resuming its normal beatings.

"My foreman found you unconscious in the forest, and naturally carried you here, knowing that any one in trouble was sure of welcome from my sister."

"Ah, she is your sister, then," remarked Dolores, turning a look of gratitude and love upon Irene. Then she added, more to herself than to him: "She has been very kind. I shall never forget it."

Then followed an embarrassing silence which Irene broke by saying: "I thought we were going into the garden. It is so nice and warm without that every minute spent indoors is a minute lost."

This remark broke the spell which held the two young people in the chains of emotion. Dolores arose, and supported on one side by Irene and on the other by Taylor, she walked out into the garden and up to the hammock already prepared for her, sinking into it with a contented sigh. For a while she lay back on the pillows with closed eyes, contenting herself with breathing in long draughts of the bracing morning air. Then she opened her eyes, smiled sadly at her two friends, and addressing Ed, said:

"I would like to rest here alone for an hour; then, if you can both spare the time, I should like to tell you the story of my life and the reason why I was found almost dying alone in the woods."

"Don't you think you had better wait until you are stronger?" suggested Irene.

"No, I could not get stronger with this on my mind. I prefer to have it over with as soon as possible."

Brother and sister, realizing that what she said was true, did not offer further objections, but promised to return within an hour and hear from her lips the story of her wrongs, for neither could think that the young woman was in any way to blame, no matter what she had done. During that hour of waiting, Dolores, lying back with closed eyes, reviewed all of her past life, that in the telling of her story she might not omit any important detail which might tend to explain or excuse the desperate act of two weeks before. When they returned she was ready, having nerved herself for the ordeal. Propped up by the pillows, and with Irene and Ed seated beside the hammock, she began:

"I believe it will be necessary for me to tell you first of my youth and my marriage to Miguel Lopez before I tell you of the tragedy that brought me almost dying to your door, for one will explain and perhaps excuse the other."

"Tell your story in your own way," said Taylor, moved by the pitiful wistfulness of the sad, dark eyes, "and be assured that we are ready to sympathize and feel for you."

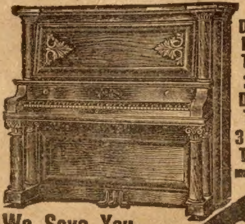
"Thank you," she smiled weakly, then began: "My mother died when I was only six months old, my father remarrying almost immediately. The woman hated me, having been jealous of my mother during her life, trying for years to break up the home. Whether she succeeded and my mother died of a broken heart, I never could tell for sure, but after I grew up, certain remarks which escaped my father when drunk led me to believe that such had been the case. How I lived under my stepmother's abuse and neglect is more than I can understand, and certainly proves that I had a remarkably strong constitution. To make matters worse, my father took to drinking, returning home night after night abusively drunk. I grew up in that atmosphere of hate and dissipation, unhappy, miserable, not knowing one hour of joy.

"When I reached my twelfth year, my stepmother, seeing in my attractive face and manner the possibility of gain, began to clothe me better. It was evident that she was putting me on the matrimonial market with the idea of making a big profit out of the match. I had matured very young, both physically and mentally, so that at thirteen I was as much a woman as a Northern girl would be at eighteen. I seemed older than I was.

"It was then that Miguel Lopez first met me. It was at a fiesta where I had been taken by my stepmother. He saw me and I supposed loved me, though how this could be possible is hard to explain, since I was still a child in years while he was a man grown. The bargain was soon made, my stepmother selling me outright to this man for ten thousand pesos, gaining my father's consent during one of his drunken torpors when he was not responsible for what he did. Fortunately for my honor, my stepmother insisted on a legal marriage, either through the hope of further gain, or because of a superstitious fear of selling into shame the dead wife's only child.

"I was married, though I hated the very sight of the man who was to be my husband. I had prayed and pleaded to be saved from this union, but I was so young, so timid, and she was so cruel and he so rich and powerful, that my will was crushed, and I became the victim of the greed of the one and the passion of the other. In spite of my repulsion, a repulsion which grew greater every day, I tried to do my duty as a wife; but he was so cruel, so jealous, and so abusive, when maddened with jealousy, that try as I might, I could not learn to love him.

"He felt this, and his love and jeal-



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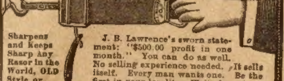

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ousy increased. I was kept almost a prisoner by the two servants who were devoted to him heart and soul, and who would have killed me without hesitation if he had so ordered. We moved from place to place, so that even if I had had the opportunity I could not have retained friends and supporters. This continued for five years, until six months ago he took me to Lakeside to live, selecting the lonely villa you have seen, far from any neighbors. Here, as elsewhere, I was practically kept a prisoner. When his business interests took him to Mexico, I was left to the care of old Ramona and her son Pedro, and they, blindly devoted to their master, kept an even stricter watch over me than he did himself. It was during one of his absences, that, with his permission, I went to spend Christmas in San Diego, and thus we met."

She paused for a second, then addressing Irene, she asked: "Has your brother told you of that meeting?"

"Yes," answered the girl, who had listened with overpowering interest to the other's story, her heart swelling with pity at the evident misery of that life so different from her own happy, careless girlhood.

"Then I need not describe it anew," and turning to Taylor, she added, "Old Ramona saw me when I gave you the rose, and it was that innocent act which led to the tragedy."

"A tragedy?" repeated Taylor, though from Dolores' delirious talk they had gathered as much.

"Yes," she answered calmly, "I killed my husband the night of his return!"

"Oh!" broke from both listeners, while Taylor added remorsefully: "And it was because of me! Oh, I am so sorry!"

"Don't be. It was bound to happen sometime or other."

Then she told them of the scene that had occurred in the garden of the villa, ending with the words: "I can truthfully swear that I struck him without realizing what I was doing. I acted under the impulse of terror and indignation, defending myself with the blind instinct of an animal at bay. Only when I saw that he was dead did I return to the reality of things. Then a mad terror seized me. His horse, which he had ordered saddled with the intention of following you when once he knew your name, was there in the yard. I leaped into the saddle and was off, thinking only of putting miles and miles between me and the scene of my unintentional crime. I let the horse choose his course. All I asked of him was to go faster and ever faster, only returning to my senses when he dropped dead from over-driving. I then tried to continue my road afoot, but exhausted and faint with hunger, I finally fell by the roadside, and I knew no more until I returned to consciousness in your home."

She sank back on the pillows, from which, in the excitement of her stirring narrative, she had partly risen, and the two listeners watched her for a time in silence, as she lay there pale and frail as a crushed flower that had almost perished in the tempest of her unhappy existence. Though still a girl, she had lived a life!

## CHAPTER VI.

## STARTLING NEWS.

After a time Taylor spoke, asking in a voice still vibrating with the emotion caused him by Dolores' pitiful story: "Are you sure you killed him?"

Dolores opened her eyes, startled by the question. Had he not understood her? Taylor read her surprise and hastened to explain his meaning.

"I meant were you sure the wound was fatal?" he said.

"No, I am not sure of that. He fell back like dead. I did not wait to see if he still lived. All I thought of was flight."

"You naturally would be accused of the crime?" he next questioned.

"Oh, yes. Ramona and Pedro knew of the quarrel; they knew I hated him, and my sudden disappearance further proved that I was trying to escape justice. Aside from all this, my dagger, which old Ramona had seen hundreds of times on my dresser, still remained in the wound. There is no doubt but that I was accused."

"In that case," said Taylor, rising, "I must leave at once for Lakeside to make sure of what has been done toward your arrest. It is highly surprising that none of the papers has taken up the story."

"You mustn't go to Lakeside!" cried Dolores, leaping to her feet, her fear for Taylor bringing back a fictitious strength to her.

"Why?" asked the young man, surprised.

"Because Ramona knows you, and she would denounce you as an accomplice. She must have guessed that the quarrel was about you; she might even have Pedro make away with you in secret, for she loved Miguel with the blind devotion and fierce strength a wild animal has for its young. You must not go!"

She was full of emotion and excitement, and in it Taylor read, with a thrill of bliss, the interest she so unconsciously felt for him. In a flash he realized that she might yet be his, and his heart leaped with joy. Irene agreed with Dolores, saying to her brother: "Mrs. Lopez is right, Ed; it would not be wise for you to go."

"Still we must know what is being done that we may plan for her safety accordingly."

"Oh, I will go away in a day or two, as soon as I am strong enough," protested Dolores, falling back in the hammock, her momentary strength leaving her as suddenly as it came.

"Go away! Where?" asked Taylor. "Have you friends or relatives to whom you would prefer to go, rather than remain here?"

"I have no one," she answered, with a shiver: "I am absolutely alone in the world, for I would rather die than return to my father's home and that woman!"

"Why go, then?" questioned the young man, knowing the answer in advance, but wishing to hear it from her own lips that he might answer it.

"Because I must. I can not let you be dragged into my trouble. I must flee from it and from you."

"On the contrary, you must stay. I most innocently brought this bitter experience upon you; therefore I have the right and the duty to assist you out of it. Through me you struck the fatal blow; it must be through and by me that you escape punishment for your unreasoned act. I will not let you go until I know that you are freed from all blame and will not be in danger of arrest. I must go to Lakeside, therefore, and know what is being done."

"Why go yourself? Could you not send some one else?" asked Irene.

"Whom could I send?"

"Charley," answered the girl, with a slight heightening of color; "I know he would do it if I asked him. He can be relied upon both to do the errand and to keep the secret as well."

Taylor hesitated, but Dolores cut his hesitation short by saying with resolution:

"If you go, Mr. Taylor, you will not find me here on your return. I shall not remain to know the result of the investigation, but will leave at once, so that no one can find me and thereby accuse you of having suggested if not helped in the killing."

"Very well; send Charley. Irene, you know just what is best to tell him. I leave everything to you."

"Trust me. I will manage everything all right," and Irene was gone.

For a few minutes after they were alone together neither Dolores nor Ed spoke, a delicious emotion filling their very souls with a joy such as words cannot express. The invisible spell of love was holding them under its hypnotic sway. Then, moved by a power stronger than his will, Taylor took Dolores' hand, which hung over the side of the hammock and kissed it reverently.

Utterly forgetful that he was but a comparative stranger to her, and that she was a married woman, he muttered: "Forgive me, darling! I did not mean thus to wreck your life!"

She thrilled beneath his caress, and in a second she realized what love meant—overpowering, sublime, all-conquering. The next she remembered her position as murderess of her husband, with the shadow of prison, if not of death, hanging over her, and with a sinking heart she felt that this great boon of love given by God to humanity could never be hers. She could not unite her felon's lot to that of this young man of unsullied past and promising future. Gently she withdrew her hand, saying:

"Do not blame yourself; it was sure to happen some day or other. I had reached the point where I could no longer endure my lot, and I would sooner or later have taken desperate means to evade it. My meeting you only hastened matters a little, that is all."

Taylor did not urge the matter further, having felt the response to his caress, and guessing what had been the thought which had caused the withdrawal of the hand. He now knew that she loved him, and he felt sure that some day she would be his. Fearing to betray the sudden joy this knowledge brought to him, he said in reply to her objection:

"We will not discuss the matter further today. I know I am guilty, and I am going to atone for my folly by protecting you even unto death. When our messenger returns from Lakeside we will know better what is to be done." Then, rising, he added: "You are tired. I will let you rest. Irene will join you presently."

Dolores watched him depart, unconsciously admiring his stalwart form and free, easy carriage. Then she closed her eyes wearily, a few hot tears coming from beneath the closed lids, as she thought in the bitter languor of her weakness and sorrow: "Why was it to be thus? What have I done to fate that I should be thus made to suffer. A past without a joy, a future without hope!"

Three days later Charley Warren returned with the report from Lakeside. Irene had asked him to make inquiries at the Inn about the inhabitants of the villa, being sure such inquiries would result in the immediate relation of the tragedy and an account of what was being done toward the capture of the suspected criminal. Warren's report was entirely different from what they all expected. It was as follows:

Some fifteen days before, the village doctor had been summoned in hot haste to the villa, where he had remained the greater part of the night. When questioned, the next morning, he had refused to answer, stating that he had been sworn to secrecy. For the next ten days he had gone twice a day to the villa; then his visits had ceased, the patient being on the road to convalescence. Then, after another week, the owner, Don Lopez, had been driven to the station by his man, and had not yet returned."

"Then he is not dead!" cried Dolores, interrupting the young foreman.

"The folks at the village were not sure that it was him that was sick, mum, for they claim the young mistress hasn't been seen about since the doctor's first visit, and that before that she was frequently in the garden."

"Did you try to question the doctor?" asked Irene.

"Yes, miss but I got 'called down' for my trouble, the old gentleman telling me he wished people would mind their business and let other people tend to theirs."

"Are you sure it was Don Lopez who took the train?" asked Dolores, her voice quivering with emotion.

"The folks at the village says it was him. All I have is their word for it, but they seem positive, though they were all of an opinion that he was much thinner and paler, and that he seemed as if he had been sick or greatly worried."

"Did they know where he went when he left Lakeside?" asked Taylor.

"They said he bought a ticket for San Diego."

"Did either of his servants accompany him?" asked Dolores.

"No; he went alone, the man returning to the villa after driving him to the station."

Dolores, Taylor and Irene exchanged anxious glances. Then, when Taylor had thanked and dismissed his foreman and they found themselves alone, Taylor turned to Dolores with the remark: "It is evident that you did not kill him."

"Then he will kill me," she answered simply, accepting her fate as a matter of course.

"Not while I live!" cried Taylor in reply. "Let him dare come here, and I will show him how American men deal with such cattle as he."

Sadly and resignedly Dolores shook her head.

"You do not know him!" she said.

"Nor does he know me!" retorted Taylor, and in the flash of dauntless courage of his eyes, Dolores thought she read salvation.

"You need not fear while my brother is around," said Irene proudly. "He will know how to protect you."

"I do not think it is wise for me to

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

### The Wrong Side.

President Taft was to speak at a convention some time ago, but until a few minutes before he entered the hall he had thought of no subject. His eye fell upon the sign at the door—Push—and he determined to make that his theme.

"Young men," he finished, "let your motto always be that word which is on the door. Let that raise you to a position of trust, and that only!"

As all eyes were turned to the place designated a rapidly growing chuckle could be heard over the room. The sign on the inside read "Pull."

### The Urgent Duty.

Mary—I've got all my Christmas shopping done and remembered everybody.

Alice—Got something for Aunt Em?

Mary—No! I'll send her that plate I won.

Alice—How about Aunt Mary?

Mary—Goodness! I'll give her that lovely vase on the end of the piano.

Alice—How about the cook?

Mary—My gracious! That means going right downtown again this minute to get her a lace waist.

### Lure of Golf.

A military gentleman, who could swear better than he could play golf, was flattered, one day, to find quite a crowd of well dressed strangers following him round.

"I hope," he said gallantly, "that I'll play well enough to reward you."

"Oh, it isn't that, major," replied one, "we came out to listen."

### Exclusive.

Little Bess—I'm going to have a Christmas party this year.

Little Nell—How many are you going to invite?

Little Bess—Only one.

Little Nell—Who? Me?

Little Bess—No; Santa Claus.

### Not an Expert.

Jack—I'll be frank with you. You are not the first girl I've ever kissed, by any means.

Maud—And I'll be equally frank with you. You have a great deal to learn, even at that.

### It Was "De Second Time."

A passenger on a New York-Cleveland sleeper, on awakening in the morning found under his berth one black shoe and one brown one. He called the porter and directed his attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in utter bewilderment.

"Well," said the exasperated passenger, "what's the matter?"

"Now, if dat don't beat all!" exclaimed the porter. "Dat's de second time dis mownin' dat dat mistake's happened."

### A Most Profane Silence.

A New York clergyman's motor car had nine punctures between New York and New Haven the other day, and the chauffeur testifies that the minister never once showed his feelings. All of which recalls the incident when a bishop, Judge Harlan's golf partner, made a bad stroke and said nothing for seven minutes. "It was the most profane silence I ever heard," said the judge.

### Drawing the Line.

We stand for the wireless, the horseless and all  
The more or less "lessless," from butter up to  
The gems on the breast of the belle of the ball.  
But the day Santa Clausless! Well, that wouldn't do.

### He Didn't.

"So you don't want no huckleberries?"

"No. I have changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those huckleberries."

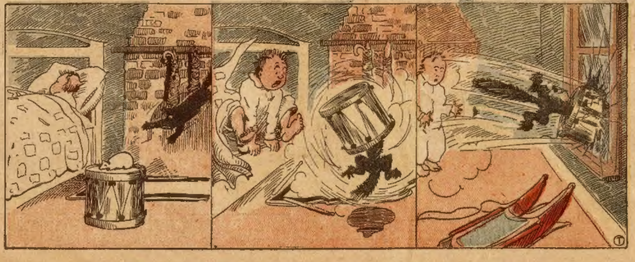
"That's all right, mum. I don't mind waking the cat up."

### Of Course Not.

Mrs. Wellmeant—Are you married?

Tramp (indignantly)—Wot! Do you think I'd be relyin' on total strangers for support if I had er wife?

## THE FATE OF BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS DRUM.



### Too Bad for the House.

Church—My wife gave me slippers for my Christmas.

Gotham—That's the sign she wants to keep you in the house.

"What did your wife give you?"

"Cigars."

"That's the sign she wants you to go outdoors."

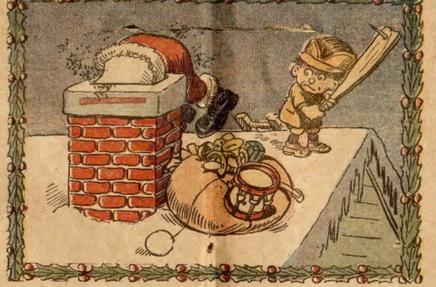
### The Brickmaker.

"Darling," said the wife, "I shall want a little more money for housekeeping this week, as I made all those cakes for Christmas Day."

The purse bearer lost his amiable look for a moment.

"Well, I can't make bricks without straw," explained the wife.

## HE GOT IT.



Willy (who has caught Santa at a disadvantage)—Say, do I git dat autermobile I wrote fer or not? Talk quick!

### A Helping Hand.

Aged Derelict—Excusin' the liberty of arskin' of a favor, mum, but would yer object to me committin' sooeyside in yor shed?

Soft-Hearted Woman—Poor man, you had better come up to the house and I will give you the remains of my Christmas pudding.

### Gardens in the Air.

"Those hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have been 300 feet in the air."

"Why did the king put them so high?"

"Perhaps the neighboring kings kept chickens," answered the Pittsburgh man.

### Drew the Line.

"Maybe she won't like me any more, but I can't help it."

"What happened?"

"Her pet poodle was under the mistletoe, and I failed to take the chance."

### Avoiding Trouble.

"Your wife never contradicts you in public."

"No. That's one of the reasons we've lived happily together for twenty years."

### Approved of the Idea

An Atchison business man who has a small store recently hired a clerk who was very shiftless. He didn't half attend to his duties. "I think I'll have to hire another clerk," said the business man this morning."

"You ought to," was the reply; "there's too much work here for just one clerk."

### In Doubt.

Knicker—These are perplexing days.

Bocker—Yes, when you get a good dinner you don't know whether your wife wants a gown or the cook is after a Christmas present.

### Origin of Name.

"Why do they call these dentists' offices dental parlors?" asked Smith of his friend.

"Why, parlor is the old-fashioned name for drawingroom."

### Making the Money Fly.

She—Young Wilder is certainly going the pace. I understand he's good for a million.

He—Yes, but it's very evident that a million isn't good for him.

### A Noble Boy.

Harold, aged 9, came home one day so bruised and dirty that his mother was thrown into a state of marked perturbation.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, in horror. "How on earth, my child, did you get your clothes and face into such a state?"

"I was trying to keep a little boy from getting licked," was Harold's virtuous, if hesitating, reply.

"Well, that was fine!" said his mollified parent. "I am proud of you, sonny. Who was the little boy?"

"Me."

### Her Only Way.

"Can you tell me how to be beautiful?"

"Certainly."

"Then tell me."

"The same way a man succeeds in entering the kingdom of Heaven."

"I don't quite remember——"

"Except a man be born again he cannot— Ouch! Leggo my hair!"

### Admired Silence.

"You used to say," she complained, "that you counted that day lost when you did not hear the sound of my voice."

"Yes, I know," he replied, "and I shall never cease to long for those dear lost days."

### An Indolent Philanthropy.

Exertion, all the doctors say,  
Is something very fine,  
But any one who wants to may  
Unto his share add mine.

### A Lover's Lie.

"Jack is blindly in love with you."

"How do you know?"

"He told me he didn't think you looked a day over twenty-nine."

### A Boy's Suggestion.

A superintendent of a city Sunday school endeavored to give the summer meeting added attractiveness. Upon a certain warm Sunday in August lemonade was served. At the close of the service the superintendent announced that slips of paper would be passed round and the pupils allowed to make suggestions as to methods of making the meetings still more attractive. One youngster wrote: "Put more sugar in the lemonade."

### Wholly Unnatural.

"How very few statues there are of real women."

"Yes; it's hard to get them to look right."

"How so?"

"A woman remaining still and saying nothing doesn't seem true to life."

### An Umbrella Conundrum.

"Nothing is ever totally lost or destroyed," said the professor of physics.

"In that case," said the simple frank person, "how do you explain the fact that everybody loses umbrellas when you never meet anybody who has found one?"

### Only Plated.

Little Margie—My mamma bought me a goldfish for Christmas. She paid a dollar for it.

Little Edna—Huh! If that's all she paid I'll bet it's only plated.

### Tells the Story.

"Thrifty, is she?"

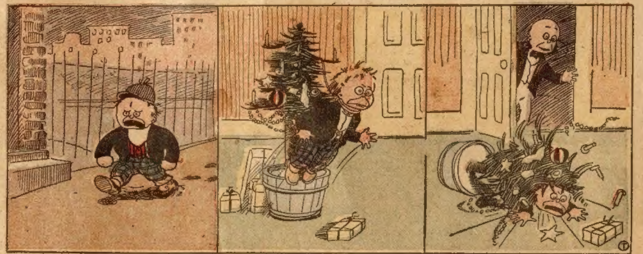
"Thrifty? I won't go into a long discourse, I merely tell you that she banks money in December."

### Those Dear Girls.

Eva—You could forget a man's past?

Edna—Certainly. If he didn't forget his present around Christmas time.

## HIS CHRISTMAS GROUCH.



"She's gone back on me! I'll sneak into her house and hang myself on her Christmas tree and make her sorry."

"Oh, but she'll feel sorry when she finds me hangin' here, a sooicide."

"Help! Help!"

# A Detective Pirate;
## Or, LOVE AND ALASKAN GOLD
### By Philip R. Kellar

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

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### CHAPTER VIII.

A CLEAR sky came with daylight, and when the sun arose it glistened on the roofs of the city, which would be reached within a few hours. Shortly after breakfast the Anna May was nestling against the wharf, her crew busy preparing to unload her cargo.

It was comparatively easy for Jarden to keep his promise to the Captain, for he had litle time to talk with Isabel. He welcomed the work that occupied his mind as well as his hands and feet, since it prevented him from dwelling too much on the possible effect upon her of his sudden coolness. It had been a sore test of his strength in the few hours of waiting between breakfast and landing, but he had avoided her, and thought he had done so without calling attention to the fact. But he was disabused of this idea in an unexpected way. During a lull in the work Tomkins joined him.

"Glad to see you've decided to take my advice," Jimmy said, "and leave the gal alone." He grinned at Jarden's look of astonishment. "I thought last night you'd lost your head entirely, but you've been behaving pretty decent this morning. I tell you, you've got to keep women [illegible]."

"Yes, Jimmy," Jarden finally found words, "I decided it wasn't exactly fair to the girl."

"[illegible] to her!" Tomkins was amazed. "What you talking about?"

"[illegible]," Jarden laughed quietly, "you [illegible] I'm sailing under a false name, under false colors you might say, and I really haven't any right to think of loving her till I'm in a position to be honest."

"Honest?" Tomkins repeated.

"Yes, don't you know what that word means, Jimmy?"

"You don't mean you're going to turn square?"

"I mean I'm going to try to play square with her."

"But," the sailor was groping in the dark, "but that—wouldn't that mean that you couldn't take her father's ship and run off with it? You couldn't hold up the [illegible] Why, you couldn't do [illegible]"

"[illegible], Jimmy," Jarden spoke as if the [illegible] were a child, "I never told you I was going to rob the North Star."

"You said you had a good game to play," Tomkins grumbled.

"And I thought I had," Jarden dropped his voice to a whisper. "I'll tell you now, Jimmy, just what it was. I was going to get some of the crew on my side, seize the ship, disguise her, start across the Pacific, and get to New York that way. Then I meant to be a captain and owner of a freight steamer along the Atlantic coast, with you as my chief officer, and we'd settle down to be decent, respectable citizens. Wouldn't be near as much money in that as in robbing an Alaskan treasure ship, but we'd be more likely to get away with it. Quite a promising picture, isn't it?"

"Better'n nothing," Jimmy growled.

"But we're not going to do it."

"So you're going to quit," Tomkins leered at him, "going to quit just because of that gal."

"Not exactly on her account, Jimmy, though she's got a lot to do with it. You see, you're naturally crooked; I'm not. I've never really wanted to do anything dishonest. Maybe that's the reason something has always happened to stop me just when I was about to do something that would put me beyond the pale. Since I've been on board the Anna May, I've seen enough of the light to know that I very much prefer being straight. I think it will pay better, if not in money, at least in a better conscience."

"Bosh," Tomkins retorted, "quit your preaching!"

"I know you cannot appreciate my feelings, Jimmy," Jarden spoke patiently, "so I'll not hold it up against you. We're not built the same way."

"I know you're a damned quitter!"

"Yes, it does look that way, doesn't it? Oh, well, we might as well drop the subject." Tomkins started off growling, but Jarden called him back. "Oh, by the way, Jimmy, you know I've always sort of liked you. I suppose it's because I felt there was a streak of good in you. Now, I believe you'd be honest if you had to and had some one watching you."

"Oh, hell!"

"No," Jarden smiled, [illegible] Listen, I expect to keep this berth [illegible]"

"Not if I can help it."

"You can't. So that is disposed of. I also expect before long to be captain of this boat. I'll keep you, give you a good job, and maybe make you first officer when I'm captain, if you want to try living a square life."

Jarden paused for a favorable reply. Jimmy glared at him a moment, then turned and walked away without answering. Jarden watched him, a questioning smile on his face, that turned to a scowl when Norton stopped Jimmy and the two engaged in an animated conversation.

"You seem to be in very good humor this morning," Jarden turned quickly and confronted Isabel. "You've been so busy," she smiled, "that I've scarcely seen you today."

"Yes, I have been busy, Miss Arnold. I was just giving Jimmy a lecture," he laughed, "on the value of playing the game fair. He didn't seem to relish it very much. We'll be in port soon," he hurried on, "and have a fine day to start unloading. Captain Arnold tells me he is expecting a hurry up call to Vancouver and wants to get the cargo out as quickly as possible."

The girl felt that Jarden was trying to keep the talk out of personal waters. She had felt vaguely at breakfast that a change had come over him during the night, but had not been certain, and had sought him to have her suspicion either verified or dispelled—and she had hoped it would be the latter. She had been willing to help in the dispelling process, willing to meet him halfway if he should give any sign of a desire to explain or even to ignore his strangely cool attitude after the previous night's experience. But this feeling began rapidly slipping away as Jarden talked, and the girl unconsciously drew back into her shell of reserve. If he regretted what he had told her, she thought vaguely, she would [illegible] nothing, do nothing that might indicate that his action hurt.

But it did hurt. As she looked across the waters, shining in the sunlight, she admitted that it hurt. She had been in an accusing mood when he encountered her before the cabin window, and ready to believe the worst about him. But she had listened, and wanted to be convinced that she was wrong, had been so convinced. She was ready to believe in him, anxious to do so. Now, to have her half-formed hopes in his honesty and sincerity dashed to pieces, hurt. It hurt her love first, and then her pride. She thought of these things in a few seconds that intervened after he stopped, before she replied impersonally: "Yes, it is a very fine day, and I expect you are quite busy."

She left before he realized that she was about to go, left him, usually so ready with words, standing tongue-tied and staring after her. He sighed as he thought of the task before him, the task of proving his worth, of explaining his position, of living down the well-founded suspicions that were directed against him.

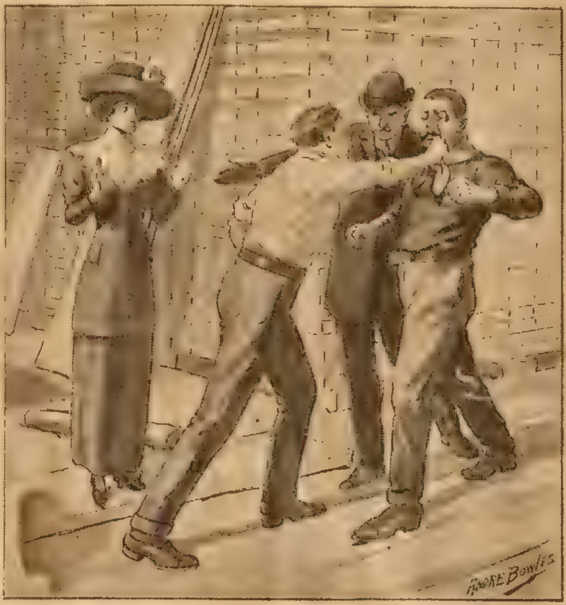
Isabel walked toward Tomkins and Norton. A heavy box was being lifted by a derrick from the hold. The ship gave a quick lurch just as Isabel passed between the two men and the derrick. The chains ground and crunched and slipped, and the box, released from the clutches, toppled over toward her. Jarden darted forward, but Norton, with a quick movement, caught his arm about Isabel and whisked her away an instant before the box struck on the spot where she had been standing.

The girl gasped, smiled gratefully at Norton, glanced at Jarden, and lay passive an instant in the passenger's arm. Then she gently disengaged herself, thanked him again, and hurried to her room.

Norton's face beamed triumphantly as he looked at Jarden and said: "Lucky I was so near—lucky for both of us—for Isabel and for me."

### CHAPTER IX.

Two very busy and outwardly uneventful days passed, and the Anna May was floating high, eased of her heavy burden of freight. Jarden scarcely saw Isabel during this time. She had gone ashore shortly after the boat docked to visit a girl friend in the city, and had not returned until the afternoon of the following day. Norton, too, had been absent most of the time. He had hurried ashore to the telegraph office he said—but had asked Captain Arnold to permit him to leave his luggage. The rescue of Isabel from the descending box had caused the gruff captain to look more favorably on his passenger, and he had consented.



He stopped suddenly.

Norton returned to spend the night aboard. When he learned that Arnold had received the call to go to Vancouver as quickly as possible for a light but valuable cargo, he asked to be taken along.

"I've enjoyed my trip so far very much," Norton explained. "It's done me a lot of good, and I'd like to continue it a bit longer, Captain, if I'm not in the way."

Arnold was about to decline, but Norton [illegible] answer and added quickly [illegible] help you to keep a watch on Mr. Penrose."

"See here, Mr. Norton," Captain Arnold said, impatiently, "if you've got a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Penrose, why don't you take him now. He's here where you can get him ashore in a jiffy. If you haven't got the warrant, and don't intend arresting him, what are you up to? No, don't interrupt me yet. I sort of took a liking to you at first, but you killed that when you showed a streak of yellow. You partly redeemed yourself yesterday, but I want to tell you right now that I don't like sneaking ways. If I've got to fight a man, it must be in the open. And that's the way you'll have to do if you stay on this ship."

Norton's knowing, half-cynical smile irritated Captain Arnold still more but the passenger's words neutralized i[illegible] fect.

"I'm not ready to arrest him," he said, "but he knows I'm after him; he knows he's got a fight on his hands. I'm waiting till I can show him up so Miss Isabel will know, as well as the rest of us, that he's not the man even to speak to her."

"I'll take care of my daughter, young man," Captain Arnold bristled. "And I can take care of Mr. Penrose, too, without any help from you. But if you want to go to Vancouver, just as a passenger, and will keep your nose out of the affairs of the boat, why you can come along."

And Norton wisely decided the time had come for him to stop talking—at least to Captain Arnold.

Though Jarden was much occupied with his work, he had time to notice that Norton was in confidential conversation with Tomkins and Knotty Barton as often as they were not busy. Once he thought he would speak to Tomkins about it, and ask what Norton was talking about, but he recalled that Jimmy was not feeling very kindly toward the man who had brought him aboard the boat, and who, he thought, had abandoned a plan that promised wealth.

The cargo was unloaded by four o'clock in the afternoon, and most of the men were given shore leave until

(Continued on page fifteen.)

---

Spirits for Rheumatism

The use of spirits in the treatment of rheumatism has proved an innovation among the medical profession. When mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly it is said to be an almost infallible cure for rheumatism and back-ache. Here is the formula. 'From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed-time." Results come immediately. If your druggist does not have Toris compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original one ounce sealed yellow package

* * *

### Mildly Censuring Him.

[illegible], with a pretty [illegible] "I think a girl would feel dreadfully foolish if she proposed to a man."

"I should think so, too," replies the diffident youth.

"But then I suppose there [illegible] girls who are just simply compelled to do the proposing," she sighs.

After an hour's consideration of that remark, he realizes what she really means.

* * *

IS YOUR CANARY A WARBLER?

Every male canary should sing, because that is its way of expressing its happiness at being alive. If your bird doesn't "there's a reason." The canary-breeders of Andreasberg, in Germany know this. They long ago discovered the reason to be in the bird's food. They adjusted the trouble by inventing an ideal food for birds. The Phila. Bird Food Co. have added to and improved upon the work of the Andreasberg Canary-Breeders. The result—BIRD MANNA—has proved itself to be the ideal combination of Food, Song Stimulant and Medicine, not only for canaries, but for other cage birds. It restores the plumage and makes the bird sing. You can buy Bird Manna at your druggist's or send 15 cents to the manufacturers. Send for their book on cage birds, 120 pages of information about birds, amply illustrated—how to teach parrots to talk, for 15 cents. Bird Manna and Book, both for 25c. The Philadelphia Bird Food Company, 400 N. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

### Her Version.

"So there's another rupture of Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put on her specs. "The paper tells us about burning lather running down the mountains, but it don't tell how it got afire."

* * *

Free Asthma and Hay Fever Cure.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

* * *

### Trying to Please.

"You call this cake angel food?" said the harsh husband.

"Yes, dear," said the timid wife, "but if the diet doesn't seem exactly what you want here are some deviled crabs."

* * *

UNCLE SAM NEEDS HELP.

Any of our readers wishing a Government position should send postal immediately to Franklin Institute, Dept. [illegible]79, Rochester, N. Y., for full list of positions open. This list shows the salaries, the duties, and tells how to get the positions.

* * *

### Throws Them Up at Him.

"My wife keeps all my old love letters."

"Sentiment?"

"No, spitefulness."

(Continued from page fourteen.)

eight. Captain Arnold had decided to start for Vancouver before midnight. Jarden took advantage of the lull to visit the city. He wanted to mail some letters and make a few purchases, he explained to Captain Arnold. Before doing either, however, he hunted up the telegraph office and sent two messages to the East, and made arrangements to have the replies delivered on the Anna May.

He felt much relieved, and was in a semi-jubilant mood when he left the office to spend a few of the dollars the Captain had given him for some articles of wearing apparel. He stopped at the bank with which Captain Arnold did business, had the stenographer make a copy of a document, asked the cashier to verify the copy and make a note to that effect at the bottom. The officer was puzzled until Jarden said he wanted to leave the original with the bank for safekeeping. The copy he put in a large envelope, borrowed from the cashier, which he addressed to Captain Arnold.

By this time the spring day was rapidly drawing to a close, and it was perceptibly darker when he approached the Anna May's dock, shortly after five o'clock. As he turned the corner at a long, low warehouse, he saw Isabel boarding the boat. He paused to watch her a moment, and then to admire the yellow light of the sun on the mountaintops back of Seattle. He was turning to continue to the ship when he was halted by the approach of Knotty Barton, Tomkins and Norton.

"Mr. Penrose," said Barton, "we're not on the ship now, and if you're not afraid to keep your word, I'm ready to have you give me that licking. There's a nice quiet place in the yard of this warehouse. The watchman is a friend o' mine and won't bother us. Here's two what can act as seconds—if you want any. Come on."

The big sailor turned with an air of absolute confidence in himself. He stopped after a few steps when he saw that Jarden was not following.

"Well, are you scared? If you are, we'll call it off."

"Not exactly scared," laughed Jarden, "I was just wondering if there really was any good reason for us to fight."

Barton did not reply and after a moment's silence Norton spoke: "One very good reason, I should think, would be to keep from being called a coward."

"And of course," Jarden retorted with pleasurable malice, "you know how it feels to have people think you a coward."

"Come on an' stop jawing," Barton growled.

"Of course, if you insist," Jarden replied quietly. "Tomkins, will you be my second, while Mr. Norton acts for Barton?"

In a short time the four men were concealed from passersby behind the high beard fence, and with only a few preliminary remarks, they took of their coats and were hammering at each other as viciously as though they were spurred on by malignant hate.

Knotty Barton was not a "waiting" fighter. He had only one style, knew only one method, and that was to rush in and trust to his strength and bulk to crush his opponent, while he shook off blows that would fell an ordinary man. No man had ever been able to stand before him for more than a few minutes, and he was surprised when Jarden, lighter by twenty pounds, in spite of his advantage of two inches in height, seemed quite fresh when time was called at the expiration of the first three-minute round.

Jarden had been content to sidestep, duck, or ward off Knotty's rushes and blows, and had not attempted to strike often. He realized that he must make every blow tell, since the struggle would be one of endurance.

"Aw, why don't you stand up and fight," growled Knotty, as they faced each other for the second round. "If you're scared, you better haul down your colors and hunt another job."

"I think I'll make you wish you had another job," Jarden laughed, as Knotty's huge fist grazed his cheek. "It takes a little time for me to get warmed up."

Three minutes more passed, with Knotty rushing and striking with all his strength, usually hitting nothing, and he was breathing heavily. The third round started as usual, but instead of stepping back, Jarden met Barton's rush, warding off the sailor's right arm, and sending his own right fist to the chin with a snappping motion that tilted Knotty's head backward. The blow made him blind with rage, and not until four more in rapid succession on the same spot sent him staggering backward did his senses clear so that he realized what he was doing.

From then to the end of the three minutes he tried to keep away from the relentless fist, but without success. When time was called his whole face was aching, and the minute of rest only served to make him want more time. Shaking his head angrily, he gathered himself together for a final mighty rush that would crush his elusive oppponent; his big fist got past Jarden's guard and struck square between the eyes. Jarden toppled over backward, half-dazed. Only the fact that he had been drawing back when Barton struck saved him from defeat. A feminine cry of alarm revived him instantly, and he quickly rose to one knee as Isabel ran toward him.

"Are you hurt Laurence?" She turned on Barton. "Stop it! You brute!"

Barton, eying Jarden, grinned and rubbed his sore jaw. "Of course, miss," he said, "if you're goin' to help him I'll have to give up."

"Please don't interfere, Miss Arnold," Jarden almost smiled, but his face was still slightly contorted with pain. "We're fighting fair."

He sprang to his feet as Norton called ten, and Barton, ignoring Isabel's presence, rushed at him, determined to finish the battle at once. The temporary success was more harmful to his fighting tactics than had been Jarden's blows. He threw aside all caution, looked upon his opponent as already beaten, and made no effort to protect his jaw.

Jarden stopped, sidestepped, retreated a step, and waited. Isabel gave a little cry as Barton rushed on, head down, mouth open, eyes only upon the place he hoped to strike, left arm lowered and right drawn back to put every ounce of strength into the blow. The force of his momentum, combined with the power behind Jarden's fist as the knuckles crashed into the heavy jaw, was too much for even the sturdy Barton.

He stopped suddenly, his knees shook, a groan escaped his lips, and he sank limply to the ground, numbed by the pain, but still conscious. He lay still, making no effort to rise, long after the count of ten. Norton started to help him up, but he stared vacantly.

Jarden stepped back and reached for his coat, but dropped it, groaned and caught his right hand, his face twisting with pain. Isabel ran to him, her face flushed with mingled apprehension and pride.

"Are you hurt? Let me help you! Can't I do something?" She took his hand in hers and stroked it gently. "You poor fellow. Why, it's broken!"

"Yes, I'm afraid it is"

Barton, who was rising, grinned at them and said, "I reckon you hit too hard that time, Mr. Penrose."

"Come," the mate spoke sharply, "it's time we were aboard. You people go on, and Miss Arnold and I will follow. And remember there's no need to say anything about this."

The three men left without answering. Jarden tried to bind his hand with his handkerchief, but bungled it, and grudgingly permitted Isabel to do it for him. They did not speak until after they were on the wharf nearing the Anna May.

"Why don't you want anything said about—about your victory?" she asked

"Oh," his tone was light, "it doesn't make any difference to others. That was just to settle a point between Knotty and me."

"But you are a hero!"

"Oh, no," he laughed, "just a common fighter. I wonder," he changed the subject suddenly, "if we'll get away by midnight."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," and Isabel made no further effort to give him an opportunity to explain his indifference.

## CHAPTER X.

Captain Arnold gently chided Jarden for fighting with Barton, but acquiesced when the mate explained that it was the only way to gain the sailor's respect and friendship. Murdock, who had some experience in such matters, set the displaced bone, bound up the mate's hand securely and the Captain sent him to bed early.

Between the shooting pains in his hand and his weird dreams about Isabel and Norton, Jarden was kept so disturbed that he spent most of the six hours tossing about. He was awake when the Anna May got under way shortly before midnight, although he had not heard the arrival of a messenger boy with two telegrams for Edward Jarden, care of Laurence Penrose. Captain Arnold signed for the messages, stuffed them into the pocket in which he had thrust the bank envelope Jarden had given him, and promptly forgot them all.

The mate finally dropped into a comparatively peaceful slumber, but he was awake and on deck before four bells to relieve the Captain.

"A fine day we'll have, Mr. Penrose," said the Captain, "and we ought to be in Vancouver some time before midnight How is the hand?"

"Pretty painful, thank you, but I'm all right."

"You'll have Barton at the wheel, so you oughtn't to have much trouble."

Barton appeared at that moment and took the wheel away from the Captain. He seemed quite friendly in his bearing toward the mate.

"Hope your hand ain't hurtin' much, Mr. Penrose," he said, "but as long as it's out o' commission an' you want any fighting done, just call on me."

"All right, Knotty," Jarden laughed.

"It seems to have worked," the Captain half-whispered to Jarden as he passed.

The mate chatted with Barton a few minutes about the course, then began walking restlessly about the deck, finally stopping in the bow. He held his injured hand and idly watched the dim outline of the shore of Whidbey Island just beginning to appear in the dawning light of day. He was wondering why he had received no replies to his telegrams; wondering what Isabel was thinking of him; wondering when he could make the explanation to her and her father, that he wanted to make; wondering if they would accept it. He had ceased worrying about Norton's probable course of action, having decided that the man was more a blusterer than anything else.

Suddenly he noticed with surprise that a man was talking with Knotty. The light was too indistinct for him to be recognized at that distance. He tried, vaguely, to guess who it might be, and then promptly forgot it until another figure walked quietly from the stern, around the galley, and joined them. He started back to investigate such activity at an hour when all but himself and Barton and the men in the engine-room were supposed to be asleep, but the two men promptly retreated to the galley before he had gone far enough to recognize them.

"Who were those men, Knotty?" he asked, "and what are they doing up this time of the night?"

"Cook and stoker," Barton promptly lied, "begging for tobacco."

"Tobacco?" Jarden looked at him sharply. "When did Chin Lung start to using tobacco?"

"Yesterday. He couldn't get any opium in Seattle. How's your hand? Could you take the wheel a minute while I fill my pipe, please, sir?"

Jarden saw the fruitlessness of further questioning, nodded, and reached out to grasp the wheel. Knotty stepped back behind him. Suddenly Jarden exclaimed:

"Say, Barton, aren't you way off your course? We're going nearly west."

"Yes, sir, we have to go south of Smith's Island lighthouse."

"I don't understand it that way. Aren't you mistaken?"

"No, sir," replied Barton, "Captain Arnold isn't going up Rosario straight; he decided to take the Haro passage, past Victoria. It's a little bit longer, but easier."

Jarden did not reply, being absorbed in a study of the small chart. He did

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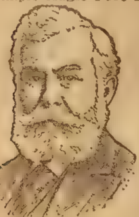

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not notice the peculiar actions of the big sailor, nor the two figures stealthily approaching from his rear.

"No, Knotty," he said without looking up. "You're wrong. Why, we're heading direct for the Juan de Fuca passage. We're at least three points off, even if we are going through Haro. I'll just veer about."

Barton's big hands dropped over Jarden's wrists and clutched them with grips of steel. "No you don't," he growled, "you'll let 'er go just as she is."

"What the——" the mate's startled cry was quickly stopped when, strong, slender fingers closed about his throat, almost choking him. He struggled briefly and fiercely, but the broken hand crippled him so he was no match for Barton, even had the sailor been alone. With Norton and Tomkins to help, the big sailor made quick work of the task, and in two minutes the mate was firmly bound and gagged.

"Now," Barton panted, "we'll sail this ship just the way we want to."

"And we're going straight west till we clear the sound," Norton smiled viciously, "and then run north to meet the North Star."

"And you don't get a damned cent's worth of gold!" Tomkins kicked Jarden to emphasize his disgust.

"Here, none o' that!" Barton almost pushed Jimmy over backward. "Norton, you and Jimmy carry Mr. Penrose to the galley. Tell Chin Lung to cut his throat with his butcher knife if he tries to get away. Then you come back and we'll attend to Mr. Bascam."

"Don't be quite so cocky about your orders," Norton snarled.

"All right, Mister Norton," Barton leered at him, "I'm willing for you to be the ringleader—after we've got something to lead. But I've got to work fast, or the Captain will be out here and kick us overboard."

"Stop gassing," Tomkins whispered. "Come on, Norton." He stooped and grasped Jarden. "Sorry to treat you this way, Ned, but you brought it on yourself. I told you to let the gal alone."

"You leave her name out of this," Norton growled

The masquerader, mentally writhing in torture because of his helplessness, gained some hope as he was carried to the Chinese cook's kingdom, from the evident lack of harmony between the ringleaders of the plot

They removed the gag. The Chinaman grinned eloquently when Barton's message was delivered. Norton said:

"Now, Jarden—I'll call you by your right name—if you're wise you'll not try to fight us. We've got our plans so well laid that you couldn't make them miss fire."

"You've got a lot of trouble coming," Jarden smiled faintly. "It's a foolish venture."

"That's our lookout," retorted Tomkins.

"And you'll see it, too," replied Jarden. "Why, you haven't any more chance to get away with this than you have of flying to Heaven."

'We'd let you in if you hadn't turned traitor "But I've got no use for you now.'.'

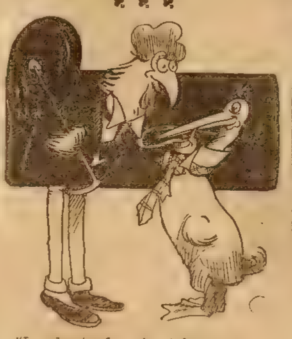
"No more have I," added Norton. "If Knotty hadn't been so soft-hearted because you licked him, we'd thrown you overboard when you were standing up in the bow mooning."

Tomkins pulled Norton's sleeve. "Come," he said, "we've got to attend to Bascam, and then the Captain and the gal. I wish," his face twisted with hatred, "you'd leave her to me. I'd fix her so she wouldn't spoil any more of my games."

They left Jarden, bound and helpless, with the grinning Chinaman, long knife within quick reach, ready to stab him if he should, by any miracle, escape.

This powerful story will be continued in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *



"I understand you've taken a job in a cigar store?"

"Yes, I wanted to avoid getting Christmas cigars from my friends."

* * *

## Babies Not Wanted.

Life in Paris just now presents some humorous sides to the impartial foreigner, the Louisville Courier Journal says. To begin with, there was the census, which in France is a source of irritation to almost everybody. Men as well as women dislike questions as to their age and occupation, and in defiance of the threats of heavy penalties fill in the forms with considerable sarcasm, but a remarkable slack adherence to the truth.

Thus the papers returned by young and eminently respectable citizens describe them as being well over 100 years old and engaged in "assassination" or "burglary." The officials have taken no steps to enforce penalties. All the jokes and inaccuracies have gone into the returns, apparently to guide future reformers who look to statistics for light in framing legislation.

Then there is talk of a strike of apartment house dwellers. Especially to people with families rents ar soaring higher every year, for the Paris landlord does not encourage children. This affects all classes, so that the worker who in England or America would have a comfortable tenement has to put up here with one or two rooms, and even then he is bled most cruelly by the landlord if he has children. So he is talking of boycotting the flats and camping out till the rents come down to reasonable levels. Unfortunately for him, camping out in French cities is against the law, so he is fairly "up against it."

* * *

## Stories of Places.

Drunkard's Island is the name by which the Salvation Army's latest colony for inebriates, off the coast of New Zealand, is known to passing mariners. Its real name is Pakatoa. All spirits and alcohol in any form are forbidden on Pakatoa, and the colonists lead the simple life on a fruit diet, without drugs or policemen. The New Zealand government recently passed an act giving magistrates power to commit persons who have been four times convicted of drunkenness to Pakatoa. The residents work at market gardening, fruit culture, framemaking and the manufacture of children's toys.

Confederate veterans at Gastonia, N. C., recently gave a dinner to 100 former slaves. It was an unusual event and one which cannot take place at all after the passing of a few more years. It was a joyous occasion, according to the reports—the dinner taking the form of a reunion of old time bondmen, their former masters and mistresses, and the children of the slave owners.

Glass eyes are made principally in Lauscha, a German town twenty miles from Coburg. The trade is flourishing, with constant improvements of value, though in minor details. As in many occupations in Europe, the artisans hand down their acquired knowledge and skill to younger members of the same family.

* * *

## Blowing It In.

"Did he inherit his money?"

"From the way he is getting rid of it I should judge so."

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# GRAY HAIR

## Wonderful Method. Your Hair Can be Darkened and Kept So.

## NO COMMON DYES

Gray hair is believed by most people to be evidence of weakening in physical and mental power. They think the loss of vitality in the hair proves a general failing in strength.

Those who have gray hair and who must rely upon employers or others are often compelled to fight this prejudice. It is particularly hard for the man with gray hair who has been thrown upon his own resources by business failure or mercantile changes and who must seek a new position.

## Gray-Haired People Not Wanted

The gray haired person soon realizes that younger-looking men are chosen for positions, although he may know some thus selected who are really older than he is.

Among women, the one who possesses hair of the natural dark or dark-brown shade (rather than gray, white or bleached) meets with the highest favor

As a matter of fact, gray hair has nothing whatever to do with loss of physical or mental vitality. It is caused by a disorder of the pigmentary glands in the hair follicles, due to such causes as a shock, fever, wearing of heavy hats, neglect in caring for the hair, etc.

## Dangerous, Nasty Dyes

Only those can afford gray hair who are independent. All others ought to take the necessary means to restore the natural shade.

Herein is where most gray-haired persons make the mistake of using what are commonly known as hair stain dyes, dyeing combs, etc. It would be quite as sensible to use ink or stove polish. These dyes deceive nobody except those who use them. The color is unnatural, and everybody easily knows what has been done. The hair has been merely painted. These dyes soon begin to wash off, usually discoloring the skin, clothing, pillows, etc.; and ugly streaks of strange shades cover the hair. The sight becomes ludicrous to most observers, but pathetic to those who sympathize with the person who has felt it necessary to adopt such makeshifts.

## Restoration of Color

Scientists have been studying the problem for years, and at last the best treatment has been solved, which has its object not merely in restoring the hair to the natural shade of youthful days, but in developing a luxuriant, silky, strong, beautiful growth.

The hair roots and glands are reached as is accomplished by no other method, and the best possible results are attained. The hair does not change its color in a few hours, as is the case with the worthless dyes, which not only make the hair appear ridiculous, but seriously damage it and hasten baldness. On the contrary, this new method causes the hair to darken gradually, so that the appearance is that of improving health and vigor.

## Valuable Book Free

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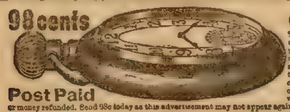

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All you need to do to put it on is to place it around the neck, cross it over, and button the snap button. Nothing easier—no pins or clasps to scratch your neck or fingers—nothing to tear or rip. Once put on it stays on—and in place too. They come in two colors—snow white and maroon red. The picture shows it on a man, but women and children wear them just as much. In fact, pa, ma, and the children like them equally well.

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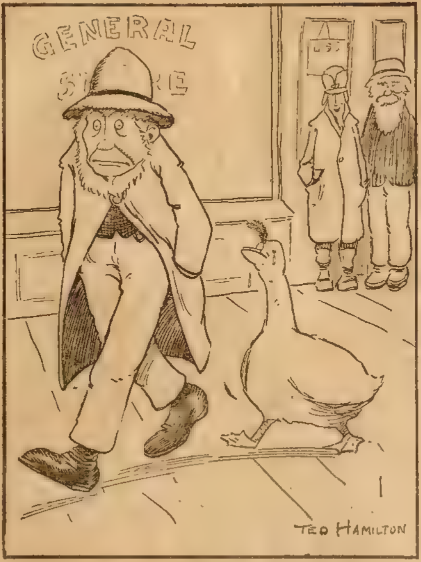
# Fluenza Claggin's Goose

### By Ellis Parker Butler

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)



It followed him all around the block, and down Main street.

One of the saddest deaths that ever occurred in Betzville took place last Friday at 4 p. m., and Ezra Claggin is almost broken-hearted. For 28 years of his married life Ezra slept on a corn-husk mattress, and by the end of the twenty-ninth year the corn-husks were so matted down that a few corncobs that had been put in by mistake sort of poked through and made stone-bruises on his back, and his wife, Fluenza, who was a good old soul, swore that Ezra shouldn't sleep that way for another twenty-nine years, so she went over to the store and traded eighteen yards of dried apples for a live goose.

She did this unbeknownst to Ezra, meaning to surprise him with a good feather bed inside of eight or ten years, according to what kind of feather crops the goose grew, but when she took the goose out to the woodshed to pluck out the first crop of feathers the goose looked up into her eyes so soulfully and squawked so pitifully, that Fluenza hadn't the heart to pluck. So she just plucked one small feather, as a sort of warning of what the goose had to expect when she could get her courage up, and took that feather into the house and hid it in the garret.

The next day she thought maybe she could harden her heart, and she went out to the woodshed and interviewed the goose again, but it was no use, she couldn't bear it, so she just picked another feather to show what was coming to the goose some day, and went into the house and hid that feather in the garret.

So when the next day came she made up her mind that she was foolishly tender-hearted, and she went out to the woodshed again, but when she was halfway there the good old goose came waddling up to her, and when she looked down, there was the goose, and there was a feather in the goose's bill, and the dear intelligent bird was craning its neck to reach the feather up to Fluenza's hand. Well, it was so touching that Fluenza just sat right down on the soap kettle and clasped the goose to her bosom and wept. And there they sat, tears running out of Fluenza's eyes, and tears running out of the goose's eyes.

It was a white goose with gray markings, and every day after that the goose would waddle up to the kitchen door with one of its feathers in its bill and hand it to Fluenza, and Flenza would kiss the goose, and take the feather up into the garret and hide it, and all would have been well and in time Fluenza would have had enough feathers to make a feather bed if death had not carried her off.

So the next thing anybody in Betzville knew Ezra Claggin went out into the back yard to sit on the soap kettle and think how sad he was, and while he was sitting there up came the goose and laid its head on his knee and wept. So Ezra looked down and patted the goose kindly on the head, and the next thing he noticed was that the goose had a feather in its bill. He didn't think anything of it.

But when he got up to go away that old goose just tagged at his heels, looking up with sad, sad eyes, and offering the feather. It annoyed Ezra considerable. He couldn't make out what the goose wanted, but presently, just offhand-like, he took the feather, and then the goose squawked joyfully and went back to the woodshed as contented as a lamb. And still Ezra didn't guess anything but that it was a mighty foolish goose.

The next day when Ezra went out to sit on the soap kettle and mourn for fifteen or twenty minutes, up came the goose! This time it had a feather in its bill, too. So it sort of aggravated Ezra. A white goose feather is no sort of thing to hand to a man that is in deep mourning. It is a light and cheerful sort of thing and might be looked at as an insult, and Ezra chose to look at it that way. He turned to the goose and spoke to it quite sharply. But the goose just looked up at him with sad, patient eyes and stood right where it was, but on the other foot from the one it had been standing on. So Ezra said he saw plain enough that he couldn't mourn in peace there, and he got up and went away, and the goose went right along with him. It followed him all around the block, and down Main street, faithfully holding out the feather for Ezra to take, and when Ezra couldn't stand it any longer and went home and into the house and locked the door, the goose just stood on the doorstep with uplifted feather. It stood there all night, and it was a cold, damp night, and the next morning the goose had a touch of rheumatism in its feet.

But it was just as faithful as ever, and at daybreak it waddled out to the woodshed and plucked another feather, and when Ezra came out, there was the goose with two feathers in its bill. Ezra saw he couldn't mourn in peace on the soap kettle, and he had a reticence about wandering around Betzville, followed by a goose with its bill full of feathers, so he just locked himself into the house and stayed there.

That night it was colder than ever, and the goose mourned all night, and in the morning it was plain that its spirit was entirely broken, as well as that it had extremely acute rheumatism in the feet. It waited outside until 10:30, and then it hobbled slowly toward the woodshed, and when it was nearly there its attention was attracted by a noise next door. The noise was Uncle Ashdod Clute wringing the neck of a chicken. As soon as the goose saw that, and how easy such a death was, it made up its mind, and it reached up with one foot and grabbed itself by the neck. It did its best, poor thing, but the rheumatism was so bad it couldn't wring its own neck. Ezra Claggin was up in the garret moping around, and he happened to look out of the window and saw the goose, and all he felt at the sight was pleasure. The goose saw Ezra, too, and gave him one last reproachful look, and then stretched out its neck full length, bent it around so it could get a good grip on it with its bill, held it fast, and whirled its body around until it had wrung its head off.

At that very minute Ezra ran across the little pile of feathers Fluenza had been saving up, and all at once he understood everything, and he rushed down to the yard, but too late! There was the goose in one corner of the yard, and its head in another, and in its bill the two feathers, showing it was faithful to the last. Ezra looked at his watch and saw it was just 4 p. m., and then he sat down on the soap kettle and wept, and for every three tears he shed for Fluenza he shed one for the goose, regularly, all afternoon, until the sun set, and then he went indoors and kept on shedding until bedtime in the same ratio.

Next week's Betzville Funny-Hap will be called "Petunia Scraggins and the Clothespins." It is another wide grin. Mr. Butler's funny sketches will run regularly in the Ledger. Don't miss any of them.

* * *

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## Tom of Stony Point.

(Continued back from page 23).

their sockets when they fell upon the prisoner of the Loyal League.

"Master Hewlett, as I live!" exclaimed Meg, bending forward. "Where did you catch the Yankee bird, Reuben?"

"At old Archie's cabin, and by a trick which Tom will pronounce very clever."

Tom shut his teeth hard and kept silence.

"Out of the frying pan into the fire!" laughed the Tory woman. "I have just buried Tiger, Reuben. Master Ford intimated that it was you who killed him."

"Just as if I would slay such a friend of the King as Tiger was!" responded Reuben. "That is one of Master Ford's Parthian arrows. Perhaps Tom here can tell how Tiger died."

Meg turned to the young spy with fury in her dark orbs.

"Say you so?" she demanded. "Are you the person who deprived me of my guardian?"

Never before had Tom looked into such a furious visage. Meg stood before him with clenched hands and blazing eyes. She was as dangerous when aroused as the dead dog had been in life.

"Silence is confession, Mistress Meg," cried Reuben. "You will be avenged by British law. That's all."

"Where are you taking Master Tom, Reuben?"

"To Stony Point, which he is anxious to see once more. Good night, Meg."

The woman held a candle high to light them down the path which led from the inn, and when the boys looked back, they saw her standing on the porch still holding the light above her frowsy head.

"She's not a beauty, Tom," said Reuben, with a little laugh. "There's only one thing in Meg's favor. She's for the King."

"And the King is a tyrant!" came through the clenched teeth of Mad Anthony's spy.

It was a long walk to the fort above the Hudson, and Tom saw that no avenue of escape was open. He had been placed in the middle of the band, and rifles at full cock were ready to pay him for the first effort toward freedom.

The long hours of that night waned. The stars went down the sky and still Tom and his captors were plodding toward Stony Point. All at once Reuben uttered a cry and pointed to the left.

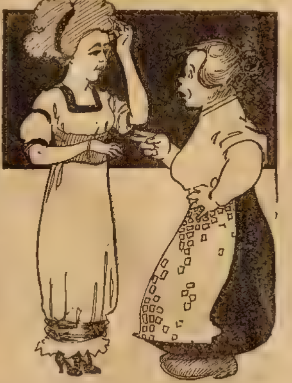
"See you yon light, Tom?" he asked, looking into the young captive's face.

Tom looked, but spoke not.

"'Tis Stony Point!" continued Reuben. "You're getting back before you expected. In ten minutes you'll be in Colonel Johnson's hands!"

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so.

* * *



Mrs. Wise—Mary Ann, are you cooking cabbage?

Mary Ann—No mum; it's your husband, mum, tryin' one av thim cigars you gave him at Christmas.

* * *

## A Child-Wife's Crime

(Continued from page eleven.)

stay," feebly protested Dolores, though in the depths of her heart she longed for the protection of his strength and courage to defend her from the blind fury of the man she had not killed, and who she knew would pursue her with relentless vengeance.

"It would be less wise to leave, now that that man is living and at large," answered Taylor. "You must trust yourself to us, for the present at least." And Dolores was too fearful and too timid to refuse.

Taylor, joining his foreman a few minutes later, said: "Charley, if you are not too tired, I would like you to ride out to Mesa Grande and hire three or four extra men."

"Extra men! What for?" asked Warren in surprise.

"I am expecting trouble, and wish to be prepared," laconically replied Taylor, "and for this reason try to pick out men who are not afraid either of giving or of receiving lead."

"All right, sir," answered the foreman, without question, guessing that the need was urgent. "They will be here by tomorrow night. I know just where I can lay hands on the very fellows you want."

The next evening Warren returned with the men, a clean lot of young daredevils, in whose bronze faces it was easy to read that death had no terror for them. Thus did Ed Taylor prepare for war, and it was well he did for the time was near when it would be declared.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

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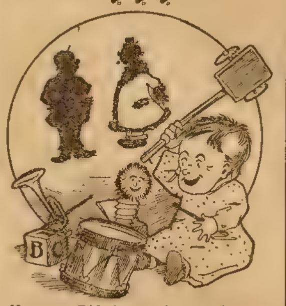


Newpop—Did your boy get many Christmas presents?

Oldpop—Sure. He got so many that he doesn't know which one to smash first.

* * *

## Fried Parrot.

Colonel Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal, during his recent visit to the States, described a domestic tragedy enacted at his home in the zone, just a few days before he took the steamer for the North. "One of the principal members of my family, if not the principal member," said Colonel Goethals, "was a fine but talkative parrot. He had a very extensive vocabulary, and never by any chance was any one else ever able to get in the last word. If he did not have any appropriate come-back on his tongue's end when you were talking with him, he would fire in the last few words you had said to him. At first this loquacity was amusing, then a little tiresome, and finally rather exasperating.

"One day, when I was a little out of sorts, Polly's noisy tongue grated on my nerves and I told it to 'shut up.'

"'Shut up, yourself,' it exclaimed.

"'If you keep on talking,' I exclaimed, 'one of these days I'm going to have you fried.'

"Two or three days after that the colored cook had fowl for dinner, and it tasted rather funny, I thought. 'What's the matter with this chicken?' I demanded.

"''Tain't no chicken, boss,' the colored waiter replied, 'that's the fried parrot you're eating. You know you said the other day that you'd fry that parrot if it didn't quit talking?'

"'Seems to me I did say something of the sort,' I agreed.

"'Well, he didn't quit,' said the waiter."

■

## His Present.

A chap once consulted a famous physician about his dyspepsia. The patient was very deaf. The dialogue between the physician and him ran like this:

"What do you usually breakfast on?"

"Oh, no! At least two miles in the morning and a motor ride after lunch."

"How many hours do you sleep?"

"Well, doctor, I was 59 my last birthday."

"Are you married?"

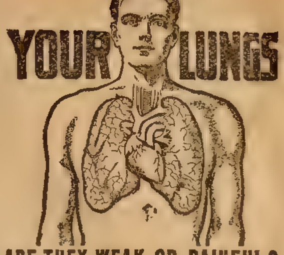
"Thirst."

With a gesture of impatience, the physician turned and wrote out a simple remedy for dyspepsia. The patient, as he departed, shouted in the loud, harsh tones of the very deaf:

"Doctor, can you cure deafness?"

The other shook his head in the negative.

"Well," said the patient, "you've been very kind, and therefore I'm going to make you a present of this prescription." He took a folded paper from his pocket. "It cured me."



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## HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Oh, lovely voices of the sky
Which hymned the Savior's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith in time gone by
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
Oh, voices of the sky!

Oh, clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed,
Around the palms and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head,
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope and joy and faith—
Oh, clear and shining light!

* * *

## The Shopping List.

"Henry, will you put your book down a minute? I want to talk with you."

"Well," replied Henry, marking the page and closing the volume, "what is it?"

"I'm fixing up my Christmas shopping list. I wish you'd give me a few suggestions. It's so hard to decide what to give."

"Alright. What do you want to know?"

"What shall I give Florence this year?"

"A pickle dish."

"She's got four already."

"Handkerchiefs."

"I gave her handkerchiefs last year. Can't you think of something else?"

"Perfume."

"Oh dear, no. She'll get perfume from a dozen others."

"Hatpins?"

"They won't do."

"Aprons are nice."

"She'd be insulted if I gave her aprons."

"Get her one of those thingumbobs to keep stray hair in. You know the kind they hang on the dresser."

"Don't be ridiculous. I want to get her something she needs."

"Manicure tools."

"You know as well as I do, Henry, that Frank gave her a swell manicure set last year. I do wish you'd be reasonable and try to help me."

"How would an opera bag do?"

"There you go again. She has at least a dozen opera bags. Now, don't sit there making fun of me or Florence. Just because she's my sister you don't need to think I'm going to give her something cheap."

"My dear——"

"Don't 'my dear' me. You're always making fun of my people."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not silly, and I don't want you to sit there and tell me that I am either. You are always trying to pick a quarrel with me."

"I'm not. I was sitting here peacefully reading my book when you started this thing."

"I didn't."

"You did. You asked me to suggest something for Florence's Christmas present."

"Well, what if I did? You needn't lose your temper."

"I didn't lose my temper. You lost yours."

"That's not so," but just then the doorbell rang, and so far as we know what to get for Florence's Christmas present is as much of a mystery as ever.

* * *

## They Were Homesick.

It was near Christmas-time.

Busy shoppers crowded about the counters of the big stores.

Gray-haired John Kerwin, carrying a long, heavy overcoat on his arm, edged through the throng in the toy department. It had been many years since he had bought toys. Away back in the old days, when Mollie and Dan were little folks at home, he and Mrs. Kerwin had shopped together each year and made Christmas for the children.

Now how changed everything was! Mollie was married and had her home in Texas. Dan was a busy physician in a Southern city. During the last half-score years John Kerwin had thought little of Christmas. Today he walked about among the toys with the guilty feeling of one who is trespassing.

Suddenly a hand was placed on his arm. He turned and saw the smiling face of his wife. Hers was a pitiful smile, he thought.

"Don't ask me, Helen. I know you wonder why I'm here. I'm guilty. I'm homesick. Homesick for the days when we had the kids with us. I thought maybe I'd feel better if I came here and watched others at the old Santa Claus game. Come."

He led his wife to a place less crowded.

"Now," he said, when both were comfortably seated on a bench near the elevator, "tell me why you are here."

Mrs. Kerwin raised a handkerchief to her eyes, and there was something like a sob.

"Never mind, mother," said John Kerwin. "I've guessed. You're homesick, too."

* * *

Johnny (aged 5)—Mamma, which would you rather have for a Christmas gift—an automobile or a sealskin sack?

Mamma—A sealskin sack, dear.

Johnny—Well, I've got seven cents. I'll go downtown and see what I can do.

## WISHES.

A sled for Billy and skates for Joe.
A wish that Christmas may bring snow.
A poor woman wishes it mayn't be cold.
Dick wants a suit for a soldier bold.
Dolls for a million or more of girls,
With go-to-sleep eyes and flaxen curls.
Billions of boxes of candy and such.
Books in English, Spanish and Dutch,
And all other languages under the sun.
Wagons and pistols. Watches that run.
Ah! this is a modest one. How should
you feel,
To record a wish for an automobile?
Not one, but hundreds, and here is a
fellow,
Who says that he'd like his painted
bright yellow.
Now a sweet little voice like the squeak
of a mouse
Says, "Please, Mister Santa Claus, send
me a house.
My dollies are homeless. And send
dresses, too,
A pink one, a plaid, one, a white one, a
blue."
And so on from a needle-case up to a
yacht.
Each wish is recorded, right to a dot.
And, if you don't get what you wanted to
get,
Don't think the wishmaster is tired out
yet,
For he's fond of the work and of it
never tires.
Though sometimes the wishes get crossed
on the wires.

* * *

It does not take much to make a merry Christmas—except a little love.

**Your Manhood Can Be Restored**

Strong, vital, manly men fascinate all who come within their influence. As true as you are a living, breathing human being, I can restore your VITAL STRENGTH; there is not a shadow of a doubt as to what I can thus do. BUT there is a single condition, one restriction I put, a certain solemn promise I exact from you before you can exact a promise from me; namely, you must unconditionally agree now at once and forever to discontinue any debilitating excess or dissipation that you may be indulging; with this out of the way, I will do all the rest. Remember what I say; no matter what your present condition, no matter what has happened in the past, just forget it and put yourself in my hands; everything will come out as you wish it. I use no drugs, no lotions, no medicines; I place no foolish restrictions upon you; just lead a natural life, get all the enjoyment you possibly can, but cease dissipation; always remember that I can then restore your vital energy; I can take you out of the half-man class and put you in the spotlight of full, healthy, contented manly courage; I can make you feel young again and keep you feeling young to a ripe old age, because I drive into your system the one thing which keeps the whole organism in balance, namely, VITALITY; My HEALTH BELT is the greatest single self-treatment remedy or VITALITY RESTORATIVE that the world has ever known or probably ever will know. It is worn comfortably about the waist all night and every night for two or three months. Thus while you are sleeping it sends a great soft, potent life-giving current of VITAL FORCE into your blood and nerves. There is not a moment's wait. It restores your vitality, it takes the pain out of your back, it makes you feel strong and vigorous. It drives away rheumatism, it cures kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders.

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# TOM OF STONY POINT;

## Or, Fighting With Mad Anthony

### By CAPTAIN JACK JUDSON

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Begun in No. 48, Dec 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

### CHAPTER X.

### A NOCTURNAL VISIT.

"WHAT is this I hear? It is rumored that the Hewlett boy has been to Stony Point in disguise, and has escaped with a lot of valuable information which he has carried to the Rebel Wayne."

The speaker was Tetton Ford, the Tory, and he rattled off the words in no good humor as he tramped in to the tearoom of the Red Horse Inn and confronted Meg Moffin and Caleb Post, a man of his own cut.

"I've heard the same thing, too," said Meg. "Nor is that all. Cletus and Abel found Master Dickey shut up in Archie Black's cabin and unconscious. Reuben posted off to Stony Point, after getting such information as Abel was able to give, but he failed to unmask Tom Hewlett in time."

"It's a pretty howdy-do!" growled Ford. "Are we to be pestered by such young Rebels, to have their successes flaunted right under our noses, with Mad Anthony drilling his army for some secret work? What's the King's cause coming to, I should like to know?"

"Oh," responded Meg, "Reuben has promised to capture Tom and take him back to the fort."

"He'll have his hands full with that young eagle," sniffed Tetton.

"But Reuben has got a plan."

"Yes," grunted Caleb Post, "they're going to lock the stable door after the horse has been taken."

Meantime Tom had effected his escape from the British fort, and by good sprinting had reached home. He knew that he had been unmasked to Colonel Johnson by Reuben, with whom he had had a tussle on the ramparts of Stony Point, and he could imagine the officer's chagrin over the whole affair.

His first action was to proceed to the American camp for the purpose of reporting to General Wayne. Mad Anthony was delighted with the success of the expedition, and listened with almost bated breath to Tom's narrative.

"I'm proud of you, Master Hewlett," he exclaimed, seizing Tom's hand. "You deserve well of your country, and I shall take great pleasure in reporting your service to the commander-in-chief."

Tom flushed proudly. To have his bravery reported to Washington himself was a great compliment.

"You must look to your own safety," admonished Wayne, after a brief pause. "Your Tory enemies will try to get you into the toils for purposes of dire vengeance."

"I shall be on the alert, General," Tom answered.

"You must. I never saw such rank Tories as they have in this locality."

"Such men as Tetton Ford and Caleb Post deserve a rope!" Tom answered, with indignant feelings.

"When I have finished my work here I may turn my attention to such rascals!" cried Mad Anthony.

Tom was about to withdraw from the General's tent when he was called back.

"If I should make a forward movement on the fort, would you like a part in it?" he asked.

"I would ask nothing better, General!" Tom exclaimed. "It would be glory enough to fight where you led."

"I'll not forget you, Master Hewlett. I'll find a place for you with my best fighting men."

"Thank you, General. I am ready at all times to obey your commands."

Tom went away with a heart beating proudly. He had acted his part so well that Wayne knew all about the defenses of Stony Point and likewise the best way to reach it.

Not long after his departure from the American camp, Tom might have been seen in the little sittingroom of Alice Hope's humble home.

"The whole country is full of stories about you, Tom," said the patriot girl, looking up from her work into the face of her visitor. "It was a bold trick, and I'm glad you have performed this noble service, hazardous as it was."

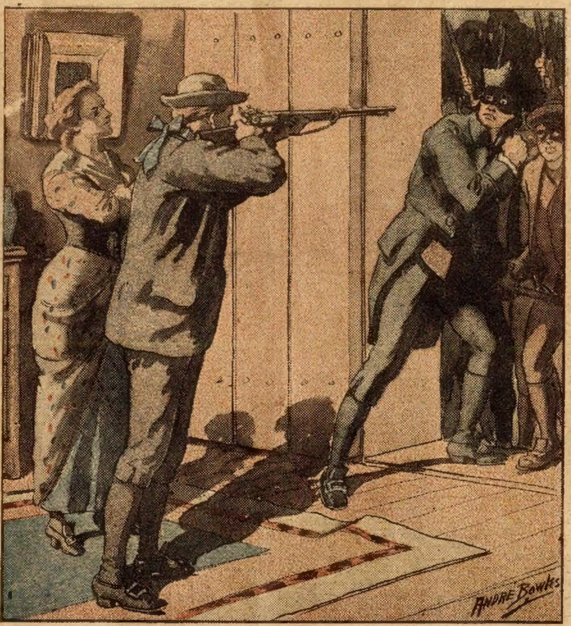
Tom smiled his acknowledgments.

"It was an exciting little adventure," said he. "From the moment I rolled Abel off of old Timmens' wagon to the moment when I dropped from the rampart, I had my hands full."

"And you'll have to look out yet for number one. Your success has exasperated the whole Tory lot, and there will be conspiracies against you all along the line."

"I don't doubt that, Alice. What is this I hear about Mistress Dicie deluging Reuben with milk?"

A merry laugh rippled over Alice's lips.



"One—two—"

"I have heard the whole story from Dicie herself, who is not such a great Tory as the neighborhood thinks. Reuben, it seems, wanted to make love to her, and he grew so persistent that to get rid of him she gave him the contents of a full milk pail. He must have presented a ludicrous spectacle. It was a laughable incident, and convulsed me while Dicie related it."

"Think you it cured Reuben?"

"I don't know. Dicie says she has heard that he meditates vengeance, but I would advise him to steer clear of the Tory's daughter, for she has a mind of her own, and is not to be trifled with."

"What has become of old Archie?" suddenly asked Tom. "I haven't seen him since my return."

"Oh, he'll turn up by and by. When General Wayne moves, the old coon hunter will be found ready to do his part. The story is that Reuben was found in Archie's hut by Abel and Claus, and that he hastened to the fort to circumvent you as soon as he heard their story."

Tom was about to reply, when Alice sprang to her feet and looked at the dog, which had risen from the hearth and was gazing at the door with flashing eyes.

"Some one is moving out there," she said, with a glance at Tom.

The dog moved toward the door, and Alice laid her hand on the latch.

"The dog will see what is the matter. I'll let him out a moment, for there's no telling who may be prowling 'round these nights."

She opened the door as she spoke and looked out.

"Good night!" said a strange voice, and the next moment the girl recoiled with a cry of alarm.

"Don't shut the door, miss," continued the same voice. "We'll come in."

But Alice had already shut the portal, and had turned upon Tom, whose face betrayed his thoughts.

"They've come for you, Tom!" she exclaimed.

"Who have?"

"I cannot tell, as they have masks on their faces."

Alice had merely turned the brass key in the door lock, but now she sprang to a heavy iron bar, which she lifted with much strength and bore forward.

A heavy sound smote their ears.

"Open the door, miss!" cried some one outside.

Neither Tom nor Alice replied.

"We don't want you, miss. We're here for the young Rebel whom you are harboring."

Tom laid his hand on the girl's arm.

"I know that voice," said he. "It is Tetton Ford's. I shall not compromise you, Alice."

"And I shall not open the door to those Tory rascals," was the defiant reply.

"I think I can hold my own with them," Tom went on.

"You cannot. They are ten to one."

"Open the door in the King's name!" cried the harsh voice, at this juncture. "We shall tear the house down but what we get the person we are after."

"You heard that?" cried Alice, turning again to Tom. "In the King's name comes the demand for you."

"And spoken by the worst lot of men that ever cursed the earth!" said Tom

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bitterly. "Open the door, Alice. I will not throw you into danger on my account."

"But they'll make short work of you."

"They failed to do so at Stony Point. I reckon I can face Tories when I have confronted the King's officers."

But Alice was firm. She did not intend to obey the demands of the enemy on the outside and thus imperil the life of her friend.

Tom stepped across the room and took from the antlers over the fireplace a long-barreled rifle, which he handled like one used to such weapons.

"Is it loaded?" he asked, with a swift glance toward Alice.

"It is always ready," she replied, "but what is one rifle against ten?"

"You may have miscounted the buzzard squad," Tom said, with a defiant smile.

He planted himself in the middle of the room and cocked the rifle, at the same time fixing his eyes on the barricaded door.

"You can open now," he said to the girl.

Just then another demand came in a tremendous blow which told that it had been delivered by a stout cudgel or a weapon of some kind. The brave Alice laid her hand on the iron bar and slowly removed it. Deliberately she swung the door open, and heard a shout of joy from the men whom the light revealed.

"That's sensible!" cried the masked leader of the lot. "That's better than having the house torn down over your head, miss."

Alice fell back and gave Tom full view of the scene which confronted him.

"What is it, sirs?" rang out the boy's clear voice.

The burly man who had stepped into the full light recoiled and glared at the speaker. He was backed by a number of men and boys, all of whom wore masks of dark cloth.

"What is it, I say?" Tom continued. "This is a pretty way of visiting the home of an unprotected girl."

"We don't want the young miss," the leader of the pack managed to say, with his gaze still riveted upon Tom.

"Ah, then whom do you seek?"

"We want you, Master Hewlett."

Tom cunningly affected innocence.

"And why me?" he queried. "Must you come like a pack of cowardly wolves with your faces concealed? Well, you have found Tom Hewlett."

The coolness of the boy spy disconcerted the foe. A gleam of pride lit up the deep, dark eyes of Alice Hope.

"This rifle has the easiest trigger I ever felt," continued Tom. "It is liable to go off at the slighest pressure. I shall take the man in the brown doublet. I will count three and if he is in sight then there will be a widow lower down the valley. One—two ——"

A big man uttered a cry of fear and [illegible]ered across the threshold, falling into the midst of his companions. The next moment Alice sprang forward and slammed the door in the faces of the Tory mob.

## CHAPTER XI.

## WHEN WOLVES FALL OUT.

"Good riddance!" exclaimed Alice, as she turned to Tom with a look of victory in her eyes. "They're cowards all. They cannot face a rifle when there is a determined person behind it."

Outside, the discomfited mob was filling the air with imprecations, but they feared to assault the door. They knew that the patriot youth would meet them with the firearm, and finally, breathing future vengeance, they slunk away like a lot of whipped dogs, and soon were out of sight.

"They will seek to play some wicked hand against you," the girl continued. "You know, Tom, how bitterly Tetton Ford and his companions hate the cause of liberty."

"Yes, but they haven't the courage to take up open arms for the King. They prefer to bite in the dark, or when they think their victims are undefended."

"That is true. Reuben does not seem to have been with them. He may not have returned from the fort."

"I would like to know how his story of my spying was received by Colonel Johnson."

"We shall hear some day," smiled Alice. "Reuben narrowly escaped winning a great victory, which would have elevated him in the eyes of the King's men."

"If I had not mastered him in the struggle by the rampart, I would even now be swinging from a gibbet on the parade grounds."

Tom soon after went away and sought the home of Ned, whom he called out.

"Ned," said the young spy, "General Wayne is anxious to have every Tory dog in the neighborhood secretly destroyed."

"What does that mean?"

"It can mean but one thing. Should he take up his march for Stony Point, dogs would give the alarm and thus defeat his purpose. There is one brute against which I have an old score, and I propose that we begin with him."

"Is he not the bull hound of the Red Horse Inn?"

"Mistress Meg's Tiger," smiled Tom. "I have certain recollections of his fury, for I recall how he caught me and made me face Tetton Ford, who wanted to administer the King's oath."

"Meg's pet is unusually dangerous," replied Ned. "We will have to proceed with caution to master him."

"He hates everything patriotic, like his mistress, and loves everything that pertains to royalty."

"If we could entice Tiger from the inn, we might carry out Mad Anthony's desires to the letter, so far as that one animal is concerned."

In the meantime, Tetton Ford and his band had tramped from Alice Hope's home and separated in the woods. The old Tory himself, enraged at his failure to get possession of Tom, was in no merry humor. He cursed himself as he went down the road, having thrown his mask away, and at last he walked across the porch of the Red Horse Inn and appeared suddenly to its giant mistress.

Meg was entertaining a bevy of Tories, who were discussing the news that Tom had really entered Stony Point and had escaped, by a miracle, with information destined to aid the American cause.

The Tory came in with a scowl which proved that he was in the very worst of humors, and dropped into a vacant chair. A smile overspread the woman's face.

"Methinks you have met with some unpleasant adventure, Master Ford," said she, eying Tetton out of her evil eyes.

"What is it to you if I have?" growled the Tory.

"Come, no growling here," was the reply. "One can't have his way all the time."

"I'll have mine by and by," snapped the Tory. "What is the subject?" and he sent an inquisitive glance around the room.

Before he could be answered, the door was pushed open, and Reuben came in like a storm.

"Here he is now!" exclaimed Meg. "We shall hear the story from his own lips."

Tom's young enemy surveyed the group for a moment, and then leaned against the table, folding his arms in silence.

"It wasn't my fault. I did my best," said he, in no pleasant voice. "If I could have seen Colonel Johnson when I wanted to, there'd be one young Rebel eagle with his feathers plucked."

"I've no doubt of that, Reuben," Meg replied consolingly. "But better luck next time."

"And I intend to have that 'next time' come soon!" Reuben retorted. "I had him in my power more than once at the gun, but he proved as slippery as an eel, and in the end got away. The guard says he wounded him——"

"He didn't touch a hair!" scowled Tetton Ford. "Tom Hewlett hasn't a British mark on his person."

Reuben, who had no real friendship for the master Tory, looked at him scowlingly.

"Perhaps," he said, with an ill-concealed sneer in his tone, "that you, Mistress Meg, should have undertaken my job."

"I fancy if I had, the boy wouldn't have fared so well."

Reuben's gorge rose at these words.

"I repeat that it wasn't my fault that Tom escaped," he flashed, "I did my duty."

"You didn't have any more success at the fort than you did courting Mistress Flook."

The boy's face flushed and then as suddenly went pale.

"No insults!" he cried, looking straight into the Tory's face.

"How do you like milk baths?"

This was the last straw.

Reuben sprang out from the table and confronted Tetton Ford, who eyed him maliciously.

"If I were King George," cried he, "I would be ashamed of some of my partisans. Men who are afraid to come out and fight for a cause have no right to be protected by it."

A smile went 'round the listening crowd, for every man knew that at heart Tetton Ford was a sneaking, arrant coward.

"Have a care!" he exploded, shaking his finger at Reuben. "I would as soon pluck young turkey cocks as older ones."

This challenge was not to go unnoticed.

There was true courage in Reuben Dickey's make-up, and on more than one occasion he had been known to pit himself against his superiors. Turning suddenly to the table, withering under the lashing words of Tetton Ford, he brought his clenched hand down upon the boards until they shook.

"I call you coward!" he cried, facing Tetton Ford, who stood in the full light biting his lips. "I care not for your gray hairs. A man who makes war on widows and children is not fit to serve the cause of royal George."

This was more than the big Tory could stand. He sprang toward Reuben, his little eyes blazing like coals in the depths of his head, and his clenched hand was suddenly lifted in midair.

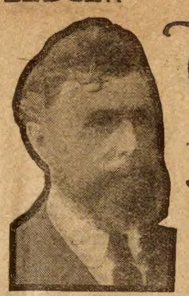
"Here, here!" cried the strident voice of Meg Moffin. "This is my inn——"

"Let me think for a moment that it is mine," interrupted Ford. "I shall teach this young rooster a lesson."

So saying, he went over to the wall and took down the whip with which he had once threatened Tom.

"Let him come!" cried Reuben, planting himself firmly on the floor. "I am afraid of no blatant coward."

The whip almost hissed as its lash leaped upward, and all eyes were turned



# The Doctor's Advice

### by Dr. Lewis Baker

The questions answered below are general in character; the symptoms or diseases are given and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature.

Those wishing further advice, free, may address Dr. Lewis BAKER College Bld'g, College-Ellwood Sts., Dayton, O., enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given but only initials or fictitious names will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any well-stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

**Nervous Man:** Your symptoms indicate a weak-run-down condition of the nervous system probably due to indiscretion, late hours or overwork. This condition is accompanied by such symptoms as timidity, downcast eyes, lack of confidence, lost memory and vigor, cold extremities, dizziness, heart palpitation, trembling limbs, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, discontent, irritability and a general inability to act naturally at all times. Scientifically concentrated drugs, free from opium, cocaine and the like, will overcome such conditions. Obtain these ingredients separately, avoid embarrassment, and mix at home as follows: Get three ounces of compound syrup sarsaparilla in a six-ounce bottle. Get one ounce each of compound fluid balmwort, compound essence cardiol and tincture cadomene compound. Add balmwort to sarsaparilla, shake and let stand two hours. Then add other two ingredients, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

**Mother:** You say all cough medicines cause you to become constipated. Naturally, constipation makes your cough become more chronic. Get the impurities out of your system and cure your cough at the same time with the following splendid prescription: Essence of Mentho-Laxene 2½ ozs., granulated sugar syrup 13½ ozs. Mix. Take a teaspoonful every hour or two. Make the sugar syrup yourself. Use 1 pint sugar and ½ pint boiling water, heat, stir and let cool. This is a laxative when 8 to 10 doses are taken daily.

**Margaret:** If your height is 5 ft. 4 in. and your weight only 108 pounds then you are a victim of "mal-assimilation." In other words, your system lacks the power to absorb fat and flesh from the food you eat. For anyone desiring to increase their weight, health and strength, by increasing the absorption powers, I prescribe 3-grain hyponuclane tablets. One tablet after each meal and one before retiring. Continue for several months or until weight has increased 30 pounds or more.

**Farmer:** Your kidneys and bladder need treatment and need it quickly, as indicated by such symptoms as constant thirst, feverishness, pains in the back and loin swelling and puffing of the ankles, puffs under the eyes, painful, smarting, frequent profuse or scanty, highly colored urination. Have any well-stocked druggist mix the following: 1 oz. fl. ext. buchu, 1 oz. comp. fl. balmwort and 4 ozs. syrup sarsaparilla compound. Take a teaspoonful before or after meals and one when retiring. Drink plenty of water between meals. Eat slowly. Abstain alcohol. Continue treatment 6 to 8 weeks.

**Harry W.:** Treat the hair and scalp with Plain Yellow Minyol, obtainable in 4 oz. jars. This cures itching and dandruff, makes the hair glossy and free from excessive oil. For many it promotes the growth of hair.

**G. I.:** For incontinence, or bed-wetting of children, I give from 5 to 10 drops of compound fluid balmwort in water or on sugar 4 to 6 times daily, and usually a few days, or weeks at the most, a cure follows. Try it for your child.

**Mrs. O. L.:** People with weak stomachs can only avoid misery by dieting carefully or taking something which will aid and increase the natural agents of the stomach. Such symptoms as sour rising, gas on the stomach, belching, headache, dizziness, nausea, bloating, heart pains, foul breath, nervousness, weakness, etc., can be readily overcome by the regular use of tablets triopeptine. Powerful digestion follows and symptoms soon vanish.

**Anxious Gertrude:** It must indeed be embarrassing to be short of stature and have a bust measurement of 46. You can reduce the fat wherever prominent by the use of the following, for a period of several months: Aromatic Elixir 5 ozs., Glycol Arbolene 1 oz. Mix. For the first three days take a teaspoonful before or after meals and thereafter take two. I do not know of anything better and safer to reduce superfluous flesh.

**Anna G.:** You have a bad case of scrofulous blood and should use the following for several months until your system is thoroughly cleansed of blood poisons: aromatic cascara 1 oz., syrup trifolium comp. 4 ozs., comp. fluid balmwort 1 oz. Mix. Take a teaspoonful 4 times daily.

Note.—Should drug stores in small towns be unable to fill any prescription, address the Public Drug Co., Chicago, or Prescription Products Co., Dayton, O.

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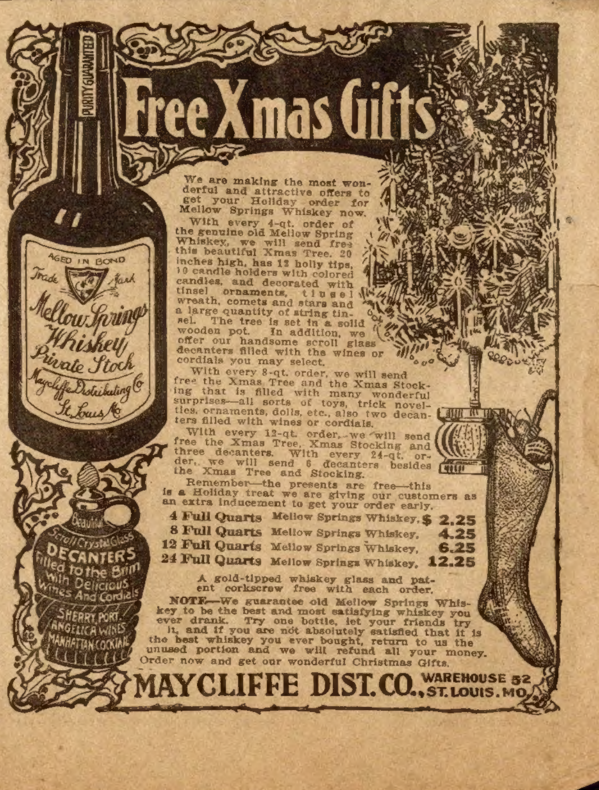

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upon the pair in the middle of the room.

"Take that!" shouted Tetton Ford as he struck viciously, but the next moment the whip was caught by the cool boy and jerked from its wielder's grasp.

"Now!" exclaimed Reuben. "Stand back yonder, Master Ford. The lesson is on the other page of the book."

The white-faced Tory almost bit his nether lip in twain.

"I do the King a service when I teach you a lesson in civility," continued Reuben. "I'll leave my mark on your hated face."

He sprang forward with the whip in his hand. Tetton Ford, with a growl of rage, retreated, but Reuben followed him up. He threw up his hands to shield his face, but Reuben cut them down, and then, before the spectators could comprehend what was passing, the cutting lash had drawn Tory blood.

A howl of madness leaped from Tetton Ford's throat. He backed toward the wall, with Reuben raining blow after blow upon him, until at last he cried for mercy.

"I'm through," Reuben said, suddenly desisting. "Hereafter you will probably respect a boy who has done his duty."

He cast the whip from him and straightened where he stood. "Long live the King!" he shouted, with a glance at the crowd. "I am forever his sworn ally, and I would draw blood from Rebel faces as I have drawn it from a coward's."

There was no answer from the big man whose eyes shot murder at the boy.

"Now, gentlemen," continued Reuben, "you shall listen to my story, and shall judge me."

Thereupon he narrated his attempt to circumvent Tom Hewlett in Stony Point, and when he had finished he awaited their verdict. It came in an outburst of approval from all but the man whose face had felt the cutting lash.

Suddenly Tetton Ford raised his hand and shook it aloft in his bursting rage.

"I'm not through with you!" he cried, sputtering like a porpoise. "I care not if you serve a thousand kings. For every drop of blood you have drawn, I'll have a hundred."

"Whenever you please to take them," laughed Reuben, who had folded his arms, and was quietly eying the big Loyalist. "But let me remind you, Master Ford, that this is a game at which two can play."

Then, with a glitter in his eyes, Reuben strode toward the door and threw it open.

"Good night, all," he exclaimed. "Long live the King!"

He was gone ere the last word ceased to echo among the wondering group.

"I hope the dog will get him," flashed Tetton Ford, savagely. "Where is your guard, Mistress Moffin?"

"Tiger touches only Rebels and their kind."

"But that boy is worse than a Rebel. The dog knows me. He will obey my voice."

A long stride bore the Tory to the door, and in another moment he was upon the porch.

"Ho, Mistress Meg!" all heard him shout. "Your dog will never set his teeth again in Rebel flesh."

Meg uttered a cry of horror and ran from the room. Tetton Ford was standing on the porch, pointing to an object which lay at his feet.

"The young rascal's work," said he, catching sight of the keeper of the Red Horse Inn. "What think you now of Master Dickey?"

Meg could not reply. She was staring at her ferocious pet, which lay dead at her feet.

## CHAPTER XII.

## REUBEN TURNS A TRICK.

Tom and Ned, acting upon General Wayne's wishes, which were soon to become commands, had swiftly and quietly put out of the way one of the menaces to the successful storming of Stony Point. Meg Moffin's ferocious dog was a block in Wayne's way, for he was liable to give notice of the movements of the American army, a thing which was not desired. For once Tiger had been caught napping, and a few blows from Tom's cudgel had finished him.

Meg was not anxious to have the act saddled upon Reuben, because he was a friend of the King's, but Tetton Ford's charge that the young Tory was guilty of Tiger's death troubled her not a little.

Reuben did not regret his combat with the Tory at the Inn, for he had ever despised the man, and he felt that Tetton would not seek reprisal. Chagrined over his failure to entrap Tom at the fort, Reuben resolved to call together the Loyal League, and get Tom once more in the toils, and in such a manner that there would be no escape. He went direct to his self-imposed task. That same night he again stood face to face with his fellow Loyalists, to whom he spoke his plans.

It was believed, that since Tom's escape with valuable information for Mad Anthony, the General would carry out his intentions, and that an assault on the strong British post was inevitable.

Old Archie, the coon hunter, had not been seen for some time, and the conclave resolved to secure Tom by a trick which they were sure would prove effective.

It was toward dusk on the following day that Tom was confronted at home by a boy of his own age, who handed him a bit of paper which he unfolded with much curiosity. It was a scrawl, and informed him that old Archie was badly injured in his cabin, and begged him to hasten to his side at once.

Master Hewlett was cautious, and putting the message in his pocket, he turned to the messenger. "Who gave you this, Master Jack?" he asked, eying the youth with much keenness.

"Old Archie."

"How is he hurt?"

"He accidentally shot himself with his own rifle."

"That's curious," observed Tom. "There is not a more careful handler of firearms in this whole region."

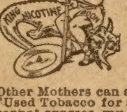
The young messenger, who was the son of a man who had as yet taken no sides between the Rebels and Tories, stood his ground unblushingly.

"Archie seems to be badly injured," he answered, returning Tom's scrutiny with the utmost coolness. "He was lying on his cot and groaning when I left him."

"I don't quite understand," mused the young patriot. "Old Archie and I are friends, and it's my duty to go to him."

Half a minute later, Jack was lost in the forest, and Tom prepared to hasten to Archie's side. It was not far to the cabin in the woods, and Tom was soon on his way.

"Tomorrow," said he, "General Wayne will break camp for the fort. I must be there to take part in the glorious en-



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